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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—IV.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

WHEN Susy was thirteen, and was a slender little maid with plaited tails of copper-tinged brown hair down her back, and was perhaps the busiest bee in the household hive, by reason of the manifold studies, health exercises and recreations she had to attend to, she secretly, and of her own motion, and out of love, added another task to her labors—the writing of a biography of me. She did this work in her bedroom at night, and kept her record hidden. After a little, the mother discovered it and filched it, and let me see it; then told Susy what she had done, and how pleased I was, and how proud. I remember that time with a deep

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pleasure. I had had compliments before, but none that touched me like this; none that could approach it for value in my eyes. It has kept that place always since. I have had no compliment, no praise, no tribute from any source, that was so precious to me as this one was and still is. As I read it *now,* after all these many years, it is still a king's message to me, and brings me the same dear surprise it brought me then—with the pathos added, of the thought that the eager and hasty hand that sketched it and scrawled it will not touch mine again—and I feel as the humble and unexpectant must feel when their eyes fall upon the edict that raises them to the ranks of the noble.

Yesterday while I was rummaging in a pile of ancient note-books of mine which I had not seen for years, I came across a reference to that biography. It is quite evident that several times, at breakfast and dinner, in those long-past days, I was posing for the biography. In fact, I clearly remember that I *was* doing that—and I also remember that Susy detected it. I remember saying a very smart thing, with a good deal of an air, at the breakfast-table one morning, and that Susy observed to her mother privately, a little later, that papa was doing that for the biography.

I cannot bring myself to change any line or word in Susy's sketch of me, but will introduce passages from it now and then just as they came in their quaint simplicity out of her honest heart, which was the beautiful heart of a child. What comes from that source has a charm and grace of its own which may transgress all the recognized laws of literature, if it choose, and yet be literature still, and worthy of hospitality. I shall print the whole of this little biography, before I have done with it—every word, every sentence.

The spelling is frequently desperate, but it was Susy's, and it shall stand. I love it, and cannot profane it. To me, it is gold. To correct it would alloy it, not refine it. It would spoil it. It would take from it its freedom and flexibility and make it stiff and formal. Even when it is most extravagant I am not shocked. It is Susy's spelling, and she was doing the best she could—and nothing could better it for me. . . .

Susy began the biography in 1885, when I was in the fiftieth year of my age, and she just entering the fourteenth of hers. She begins in this way:

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We are a very happy family. We consist of Papa, Mamma, Jean, Clara and me. It is papa I am writing about, and I shall have no trouble in not knowing what to say about him, as he is a *very* striking character.

But wait a minute—I will return to Susy presently.

In the matter of slavish imitation, man is the monkey's superior all the time. The average man is destitute of independence of opinion. He is not interested in contriving an opinion of his own, by study and reflection, but is only anxious to find out what his neighbor's opinion is and slavishly adopt it. A generation ago, I found out that the latest review of a book was pretty sure to be just a reflection of the *earliest* review of it; that whatever the first reviewer found to praise or censure in the book would be repeated in the latest reviewer's report, with nothing fresh added. Therefore more than once I took the precaution of sending my book, in manuscript, to Mr. Howells, when he was editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," so that he could prepare a review of it at leisure. I knew he would say the truth about the book—I also knew that he would find more merit than demerit in it, because I already knew that that was the condition of the book. I allowed no copy of it to go out to the press until after Mr. Howells's notice of it had appeared. That book was always safe. There wasn't a man behind a pen in all America that had the courage to find anything in the book which Mr. Howells had not found—there wasn't a man behind a pen in America that had spirit enough to say a brave and original thing about the book on his own responsibility.

I believe that the trade of critic, in literature, music, and the drama, is the most degraded of all trades, and that it has no real value—certainly no large value. When Charles Dudley Warner and I were about to bring out "The Gilded Age," the editor of the "Daily Graphic" persuaded me to let him have an advance copy, he giving me his word of honor that no notice of it would appear in his paper until after the "Atlantic Monthly" notice should have appeared. This reptile published a review of the book within three days afterward. I could not really complain, because he had only given me his word of honor as security; I ought to have required of him something substantial. I believe his notice did not deal mainly with the merit of the book, or the lack of it, but with my moral attitude toward the public. It was

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charged that I had used my reputation to play a swindle upon the public; that Mr. Warner had written as much as half of the book, and that I had used my name to float it and give it currency; a currency—so the critic averred—which it could not have acquired without my name, and that this conduct of mine was a grave fraud upon the people. The "Graphic" was not an authority upon any subject whatever. It had a sort of distinction, in that it was the first and only illustrated daily newspaper that the world had seen; but it was without character; it was poorly and cheaply edited; its opinion of a book or of any other work of art was of no consequence. Everybody knew this, yet all the critics in America, one after the other, copied the "Graphic's" criticism, merely changing the phraseology, and left me under that charge of dishonest conduct. Even the great Chicago "Tribune," the most important journal in the Middle West, was not able to invent anything fresh, but adopted the view of the humble "Daily Graphic," dishonesty-charge and all.

However, let it go. It is the will of God that we must have critics, and missionaries, and Congressmen, and humorists, and we must bear the burden. Meantime, I seem to have been drifting into criticism myself. But that is nothing. At the worst, criticism is nothing more than a crime, and I am not unused to that.

What I have been travelling toward all this time is this: the first critic that ever had occasion to describe my personal appearance littered his description with foolish and inexcusable errors whose aggregate furnished the result that I was distinctly and distressingly unhandsome. That description floated around the country in the papers, and was in constant use and wear for a quarter of a century. It seems strange to me that apparently no critic in the country could be found who could look at me and have the courage to take up his pen and destroy that lie. That lie began its course on the Pacific coast, in 1864, and it likened me in personal appearance to Petroleum V. Nasby, who had been out there lecturing. For twenty-five years afterward, no critic could furnish a description of me without fetching in Nasby to help out my portrait. I knew Nasby well, and he was a good fellow, but in my life I have not felt malignant enough about any more than three persons to charge those persons with resembling Nasby. It hurts me to the heart. I was always hand-

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some. Anybody but a critic could have seen it. And it had long been a distress to my family — including Susy — that the critics should go on making this wearisome mistake, year after year, when there was no foundation for it. Even when a critic wanted to be particularly friendly and complimentary to me, he didn't dare to go beyond my clothes. He never ventured beyond that old safe frontier. When he had finished with my clothes he had said all the kind things, the pleasant things, the complimentary things he could risk. Then he dropped back on Nasby.

Yesterday I found this clipping in the pocket of one of those ancient memorandum-books of mine. It is of the date of thirty-nine years ago, and both the paper and the ink are yellow with the bitterness that I felt in that old day when I clipped it out to preserve it and brood over it, and grieve about it. I will copy it here, to wit:

A correspondent of the Philadelphia "Press," writing of one of Schuyler Colfax's receptions, says of our Washington correspondent: "Mark Twain, the delicate humorist, was present; quite a lion, as he deserves to be. Mark is a bachelor, faultless in taste, whose snowy vest is suggestive of endless quarrels with Washington washerwomen; but the heroism of Mark is settled for all time, for such purity and smoothness were never seen before. His lavender gloves might have been stolen from some Turkish harem, so delicate were they in size; but more likely—anything else were more likely than that. In form and feature he bears some resemblance to the immortal Nasby; but whilst Petroleum is brunette to the core, Twain is golden, amber-hued, melting, blonde."

Let us return to Susy's biography now, and get the opinion of one who is unbiassed:

From Susy's Biography.

Papa's appearance has been described many times, but very incorrectly. He has beautiful gray hair, not any too thick or any too long, but just right; a Roman nose, which greatly improves the beauty of his features; kind blue eyes and a small mustache. He has a wonderfully shaped head and profile. He has a very good figure—in short, he is an extrodinarily fine looking man. All his features are perfect, except that he hasn't extrodinary teeth. His complexion is very fair, and he doesn't ware a beard. He is a very good man and a very funny one. He *has* got a temper, but we all of us have in this family. He is the loveliest man I ever saw or ever hope to see—and oh, so absent-minded. He does tell perfectly delightful stories. Clara and I used to sit on each arm of his chair and listen while he told us stories about the pictures on the wall.

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I remember the story-telling days vividly. They were a difficult and exacting audience—those little creatures.

Along one side of the library, in the Hartford home, the bookshelves joined the mantelpiece—in fact there were shelves on both sides of the mantelpiece. On these shelves, and on the mantelpiece, stood various ornaments. At one end of the procession was a framed oil-painting of a cat's head, at the other end was a head of a beautiful young girl, life-size—called Emmeline, because she looked just about like that—an impressionist water-color. Between the one picture and the other there were twelve or fifteen of the bric-à-brac things already mentioned; also an oil-painting by Elihu Vedder, "The Young Medusa." Every now and then the children required me to construct a romance—always impromptu—not a moment's preparation permitted—and into that romance I had to get all that bric-à-brac and the three pictures. I had to start always with the cat and finish with Emmeline. I was never allowed the refreshment of a change, end-for-end. It was not permissible to introduce a bric-à-brac ornament into the story out of its place in the procession.

These bric-à-bracs were never allowed a peaceful day, a reposeful day, a restful Sabbath. In their lives there was no Sabbath, in their lives there was no peace; they knew no existence but a monotonous career of violence and bloodshed. In the course of time, the bric-à-brac and the pictures showed wear. It was because they had had so many and such tumultuous adventures in their romantic careers.

As romancer to the children I had a hard time, even from the beginning. If they brought me a picture, in a magazine, and required me to build a story to it, they would cover the rest of the page with their pudgy hands to keep me from stealing an idea from it. The stories had to come hot from the bat, always. They had to be absolutely original and fresh. Sometimes the children furnished me simply a character or two, or a dozen, and required me to start out at once on that slim basis and deliver those characters up to a vigorous and entertaining life of crime. If they heard of a new trade, or an unfamiliar animal, or anything like that, I was pretty sure to have to deal with those things in the next romance. Once Clara required me to build a sudden tale out of a plumber and a "bawgunstrictor," and I had to do it. She

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didn't know what a boa-constrictor was, until he developed in the tale—then she was better satisfied with it than ever.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa's favorite game is billiards, and when he is tired and wishes to rest himself he stays up all night and plays billiards, it seems to rest his head. He smokes a great deal almost incessantly. He has the mind of an author exactly, some of the simplest things he cant understand. Our burglar-alarm is often out of order, and papa had been obliged to take the mahogany-room off from the alarm altogether for a time, because the burglar-alarm had been in the habit of ringing even when the mahogany-room was closed. At length he thought that perhaps the burglar-alarm might be in order, and he decided to try and see; accordingly he put it on and then went down and opened the window; consequently the alarm bell rang, it would even if the alarm had been in order. Papa went despairingly upstairs and said to mamma, "Livy the mahogany-room won't go on. I have just opened the window to see."

"Why, Youth," mamma replied "if you've opened the window, why of coarse the alarm will ring!"

"That's what I've opened it for, why I just went down to see if it would ring!"

Mamma tried to explain to papa that when he wanted to go and see whether the alarm would ring while the window was closed he *mustn't* go and open the window—but in vain, papa couldn't understand, and got very impatient with mamma for trying to make him believe an impossible thing true.

This is a frank biographer, and an honest one; she uses no sandpaper on me. I have, to this day, the same dull head in the matter of conundrums and perplexities which Susy had discovered in those long-gone days. Complexities annoy me; they irritate me; then this progressive feeling presently warms into anger. I cannot get far in the reading of the commonest and simplest contract—with its "parties of the first part," and "parties of the second part," and "parties of the third part,"—before my temper is all gone. Ashcroft comes up here every day and pathetically tries to make me understand the points of the lawsuit which we are conducting against Henry Butters, Harold Wheeler, and the rest of those Plasmon buccaneers, but daily he has to give it up. It is pitiful to see, when he bends his earnest and appealing eyes upon me and says, after one of his efforts, "Now you *do* understand *that,* don't you?"

I am always obliged to say, "I *don't,* Ashcroft. I wish I could understand it, but I don't. Send for the cat."

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In the days which Susy is talking about, a perplexity fell to my lot one day. F. G. Whitmore was my business agent, and he brought me out from town in his buggy. We drove by the *porte-cochère* and toward the stable. Now this was a *single* road, and was like a spoon whose handle stretched from the gate to a great round flower-bed in the neighborhood of the stable. At the approach to the flower-bed the road divided and circumnavigated it, making a loop, which I have likened to the bowl of the spoon. As we neared the loop, I saw that Whitmore was laying his course to port, (I was sitting on the starboard side—the side the house was on), and was going to start around that spoon-bowl on that left-hand side. I said,

"Don't do that, Whitmore; take the right-hand side. Then I shall be next to the house when we get to the door."

He said, "*That* will not happen in *any case,* it doesn't make any difference which way I go around this flower-bed."

I explained to him that he was an ass, but he stuck to his proposition, and I said,

"Go on and try it, and see."

He went on and tried it, and sure enough he fetched me up at the door on the very side that he had said I would be. I was not able to believe it then, and I don't believe it yet.

I said, "Whitmore, that is merely an accident. You can't do it again."

He said he could—and he drove down into the street, fetched around, came back, and actually did it again. I was stupefied, paralyzed, petrified, with these strange results, but they did not convince me. I didn't believe he could do it another time, but he did. He said he could do it all day, and fetch up the same way every time. By that time my temper was gone, and I asked him to go home and apply to the Asylum and I would pay the expenses; I didn't want to see him any more for a week.

I went up-stairs in a rage and started to tell Livy about it, expecting to get her sympathy for me and to breed aversion in her for Whitmore; but she merely burst into peal after peal of laughter, as the tale of my adventure went on, for her head was like Susy's: riddles and complexities had no terrors for it. Her mind and Susy's were analytical; I have tried to make it appear that mine was different. Many and many a time I have told that buggy experiment, hoping against hope that I would some time

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or other find somebody who would be on my side, but it has never happened. And I am never able to go glibly forward and state the circumstances of that buggy's progress without having to halt and consider, and call up in my mind the spoon-handle, the bowl of the spoon, the buggy and the horse, and my position in the buggy: and the minute I have got that far and try to turn it to the left it goes to ruin; I can't see how it is ever going to fetch me out right when we get to the door. Susy is right in her estimate. I can't understand things.

That burglar-alarm which Susy mentions led a gay and careless life, and had no principles. It was generally out of order at one point or another; and there was plenty of opportunity, because all the windows and doors in the house, from the cellar up to the top floor, were connected with it. However, in its seasons of being out of order it could trouble us for only a very little while: we quickly found out that it was fooling us, and that it was buzzing its blood-curdling alarm merely for its own amusement. Then we would shut it off, and send to New York for the electrician—there not being one in all Hartford in those days. When the repairs were finished we would set the alarm again and reestablish our confidence in it. It never did any real business except upon one single occasion. All the rest of its expensive career was frivolous and without purpose. Just that one time it performed its duty, and its whole duty—gravely, seriously, admirably. It let fly about two o'clock one black and dreary March morning, and I turned out promptly, because I knew that it was not fooling, this time. The bath-room door was on my side of the bed. I stepped in there, turned up the gas, looked at the annunciator, and turned off the alarm—so far as the door indicated was concerned—thus stopping the racket. Then I came back to bed. Mrs. Clemens opened the debate:

"What was it?"

"It was the cellar door."

"Was it a burglar, do you think?"

"Yes," I said, "of course it was. Did you suppose it was a Sunday-school superintendent?"

"No. What do you suppose he wants?"

"I suppose he wants jewelry, but he is not acquainted with the house and he thinks it is in the cellar. I don't like to disappoint a burglar whom I am not acquainted with, and who has done me

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no harm, but if he had had common sagacity enough to inquire, I could have told him we kept nothing down there but coal and vegetables. Still it may be that he *is* acquainted with the place, and that what he really wants is coal and vegetables. On the whole, I think it is vegetables he is after."

"Are you going down to see?"

"No; I could not be of any assistance. Let him select for himself; I don't know where the things are."

Then she said, "But suppose he comes up to the ground floor!"

"That's all right. We shall know it the minute he opens a door on that floor. It will set off the alarm."

Just then the terrific buzzing broke out again. I said,

"He has arrived. I told you he would. I know all about burglars and their ways. They are systematic people."

I went into the bath-room to see if I was right, and I was. I shut off the dining-room and stopped the buzzing, and came back to bed. My wife said,

"What do you suppose he is after now?"

I said, "I think he has got all the vegetables he wants and is coming up for napkin-rings and odds and ends for the wife and children. They all have families—burglars have—and they are always thoughtful of them, always take a few necessaries of life for themselves, and fill out with tokens of remembrance for the family. In taking them they do not forget us: those very things represent tokens of his remembrance of us, and also of our remembrance of him. We never get them again; the memory of the attention remains embalmed in our hearts."

"Are you going down to see what it is he wants now?"

"No," I said, "I am no more interested than I was before. They are experienced people,—burglars; *they* know what they want; I should be no help to him. I *think* he is after ceramics and bric-à-brac and such things. If he knows the house he knows that that is all that he can find on the dining-room floor."

She said, with a strong interest perceptible in her tone, "Suppose he comes up here!"

I said, "It is all right. He will give us notice."

"What shall we do then?"

"Climb out of the window."

She said, a little restively, "Well, what is the use of a burglar-alarm for us?"

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"You have seen, dear heart, that it has been useful up to the present moment, and I have explained to you how it will be continuously useful after he gets up here."

That was the end of it. He didn't ring any more alarms. Presently I said,

"He is disappointed, I think. He has gone off with the vegetables and the bric-à-brac, and I think he is dissatisfied."

We went to sleep, and at a quarter before eight in the morning I was out, and hurrying, for I was to take the 8.29 train for New York. I found the gas burning brightly—full head—all over the first floor. My new overcoat was gone; my old umbrella was gone; my new patent-leather shoes, which I had never worn, were gone. The large window which opened into the *ombra* at the rear of the house was standing wide. I passed out through it and tracked the burglar down the hill through the trees; tracked him without difficulty, because he had blazed his progress with imitation silver napkin-rings, and my umbrella, and various other things which he had disapproved of; and I went back in triumph and proved to my wife that he *was* a disappointed burglar. I had suspected he would be, from the start, and from his not coming up to our floor to get human beings.

Things happened to me that day in New York. I will tell about them another time.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa has a peculiar gait we like, it seems just to sute him, but most people do not; he always walks up and down the room while thinking and between each coarse at meals.

A lady distantly related to us came to visit us once in those days. She came to stay a week, but all our efforts to make her happy failed, we could not imagine why, and she got up her anchor and sailed the next morning. We did much guessing, but could not solve the mystery. Later we found out what the trouble was. It was my tramping up and down between the courses. She conceived the idea that I could not stand her society.

That word "Youth," as the reader has perhaps already guessed, was my wife's pet name for me. It was gently satirical, but also affectionate. I had certain mental and material peculiarities and customs proper to a much younger person than I was.

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From Susy's Biography.

Papa is very fond of animals particularly of cats, we had a dear little gray kitten once that he named "Lazy" (papa always wears gray to match his hair and eyes) and he would carry him around on his shoulder, it was a mighty pretty sight! the gray cat sound asleep against papa's gray coat and hair. The names that he has given our different cats, are realy remarkably funny, they are namely Stray Kit, Abner, Motley, Fraeulein, Lazy, Bufalo Bill, Cleveland, Sour Mash, and Pestilence and Famine.

At one time when the children were small, we had a very black mother-cat named Satan, and Satan had a small black offspring named Sin. Pronouns were a difficulty for the children. Little Clara came in one day, her black eyes snapping with indignation, and said,

"Papa, Satan ought to be punished. She is out there at the greenhouse and there she stays and stays, and his kitten is downstairs crying."

From Susy's Biography.

Papa uses very strong language, but I have an idea not nearly so strong as when he first maried mamma. A lady acquaintance of his is rather apt to interupt what one is saying, and papa told mamma that he thought he should say to the lady's husband "I am glad your wife wasn't present when the Deity said 'Let there be light.'"

It is as I have said before. This is a frank historian. She doesn't cover up one's deficiencies, but gives them an equal showing with one's handsomer qualities. Of course I made the remark which she has quoted—and even at this distant day I am still as much as half persuaded that if that lady had been present when the Creator said, "Let there be light," she would have interrupted Him and we shouldn't ever have got it.

From Susy's Biography.

Papa said the other day, "I am a mugwump and a mugwump is pure from the marrow out. (Papa knows that I am writing this biography of him, and he said this for it.) He doesn't like to go to church at all, why I never understood, until just now, he told us the other day that he couldn't bear to hear any one talk but himself, but that he could listen to himself talk for hours without getting tired, of course he said this in joke, but I've no dought it was founded on truth.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

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CAPITALIZATION OF RAILROAD CORPORATIONS.

BY WHARTON BARKER.

THE enormity of the extortion carried on by and through our railroads is hard to conceive. Hidden by underhand practices that are as reprehensible as the grievous exactions and injustices so carefully concealed by them, the evils that have grown up around the building and operation of our railroads cannot easily be uncovered. The injustice of discrimination in freight charges and transportation service, the wrong of charging those who are outside of the railroad cliques higher rates than those who are within them—the trusts and combines built up on the favors granted by the railroads—can readily be grasped; but the extent to which such discrimination is carried, and hence the magnitude of the injury inflicted upon the public, it is impossible to show in all its atrocity, so adroitly are the favors covered. The new law will not protect the people and expose the trickery and dishonesty of the railroad managers and the favored shippers. It is not the purpose, however, to discuss questions which Congress has been driven to meet by an indignant and galled public. But, if it is hard to comprehend the magnitude of the injury done by discrimination in railroad charges and services, it is much harder to comprehend the extent of the systematic overcapitalization and wrecking of our railroads that have been carried on for years.

If it is wrong to build a railroad at a cost of $5,000,000 and then capitalize it at $10,000,000; if it is wrong to issue upon such a road $5,000,000 of stock for which no money is given and call it "full paid-up capital"; if it is wrong to tax the users of our railroads to pay interest on this fictitious capital,—then, bound up with our railroad system is grievous wrong, for after this manner is it capitalized. This issue of stock—as bonus to bankers

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who bought bonds, bonus to promoters of railroad lines, bonus to contractors—in the early days of railroad-building did not do the harm that now results from such stock issues, because, in the days of competition between railroad companies, charges could not be made which would insure dividends on fictitious capital. These stock issues were for years the counters used by gamblers on the stock exchanges—nothing more. For long years we relied largely upon competition to give our people equitable transportation rates. To secure such rates through competition, many States prohibited railroads running through their territory from purchasing, absorbing or in any way gaining the management and control of parallel and competing lines. But in the direction of securing equitable rates, railroad competition has proven a dismal failure. And this is in no way surprising; for, in the nature of things, railroad carriage is monopolistic rather than competitive. This is because there must be many localities in which some one railroad has a monopoly, and all other places that trade with localities which are affected by such monopoly must pay, when trading with these localities, transportation charges fixed by the rules of monopoly, not of competition. The rules of monopoly require not charges representing a fair remuneration for services rendered—charges sufficient to cover costs and provide a fair profit—but charges as high as they can be made without putting a stop to the movement of goods.

Monopoly recognizes that there is a point above which it cannot raise prices without so discouraging trade as to defeat its purpose in raising prices—namely, the swelling of profits; and above this point monopoly will not raise prices unless with some ulterior purpose in view. This point is what is referred to when the fixing of rates at all the traffic will bear is spoken of. "All the traffic will bear" means all that can be charged without so restricting the transportation of goods that earnings would be cut down by the restriction in traffic more than they would be swollen by the increased charges. Of course, just what this point is, is a matter of judgment. My belief is that, if railroad passenger rates were cut in half, the earnings of railroads would be increased rather than diminished, travel multiplying because of such decrease more than twice, and enough over twice to meet the added costs of transportation. These costs would be comparatively small as trains would run full where they now run but partially filled,

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while the adding of each additional train would reduce the average costs of train-running, inasmuch as there would be more trains among which to apportion the costs that are more or less fixed. The greater the traffic that can be put over each track, the smaller the cost of transportation per passenger and per ton.

So it is that our railroads with a monopoly are prone to hold up rates even higher than it is profitable to hold them. Thus is trade hindered; thus is the accumulation of wealth, the growth of the nation, held in check.

It is clear that the effort to secure competition between railroads has failed to give to our people equal and fair rates and equality of opportunity. It has failed because there has been no healthful competition; and it has failed so signally that managers of railroads demand that all pretence of preserving competition be thrown over, asserting that it is competition—the possibility of playing off one road against another under competition—that has resulted in the gross favoritism that has made some shippers very rich and well-nigh ruined all others. This assertion might carry some weight were it not seen that the railroad managers grow rich along with the favored shippers, a fact that suggests the conclusion that the cutting of rates is not forced from the railroad managers by threats upon the part of the large shippers, but is purchased from them by the proffer of bribes, by the return to them of part of the profit gained through the favoritism.

The failure of our railroads under the present system of management to establish fair and equal rates cannot be remedied by the legalizing of pooling. For ten years the Interstate Commerce Commission has worked, and failed, to force the railroads to act as common carriers. The failure to enforce reasonable rates has at last aroused the people to action that led the President to demand of Congress a law that would correct the gross evils alluded to—which bring an element of uncertainty into business, disturb trade, cause the business of some who are preferred to prosper and the business of others who are discriminated against to languish, with the result that there has been a weeding out of those not favored by the railroad cliques, a centralizing of trade in fewer hands, a forming of gigantic combinations which exercise a control over the output and marketing of goods, and thereby gaining monopolistic control over prices and the power to exact tribute from the community. President Roosevelt and the

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Commission propose, as a remedy, to legalize pooling by railroads. They propose to give the railroads more power, to permit the railroads to consolidate their power, to put an end to competition among themselves, to fix maximum rates. But this is to act on a false conception of the situation that actually exists. They say, Let us have pooling; let the railroads be empowered to consolidate their power. Do the people understand what railroad pooling is, what conditions of trade, what capitalization of railroads it will permit? Pooling simply amounts to building up a mighty monopoly. It amounts to railroads running between competitive points putting all their earnings from competitive traffic into one common pot, under an agreement that such earnings shall be distributed among the roads in accordance with agreed percentages, and regardless of the percentage of traffic that each may carry. No one who understands the pooling system believes that pooling can remove the cause of rate-cutting or establish fair and reasonable rates. Twenty years ago we had pooling, and it was a failure. And the reason? It was because the cause for secret rate-cutting lay deeper then, as now, than the pressure of competition, than the ability of the large shipper to play one road off against another and get a cut rate by declaring that he had been offered such and such a cut rate by some road, and that if it was not met he would send his business over such road. It was because the force that led to rate-cutting lay in the temptation to illicit gain that confronted railroad managers. It was because the shipper under pooling may make advances to, or receive advances from, unscrupulous railroad managers looking to self-gain, with a view to the shippers agreeing to pay back to the railroad managers, sacrificing for money interests entrusted to them, a part of the difference between the cut and the open rate. Pooling will always be made an engine for establishing a seesaw of speculations for the railroad cliques. Legalize pooling, and you confirm the ability of the money oligarchy to consolidate their control over the railroads. You confirm their power to bankrupt railroads and individuals, to build up railroads and individuals; but these evils are small in comparison with the gross wrongs which pooling will enable railroad managers to inflict upon the community by fixing unfair rates—rates so high that the people will be pauperized and wealth centralized in a few hands. Pooling with maximum rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Com-

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mission, under authority of Congress, will fasten upon our country new and greater burdens than are now imposed upon it unless we can at once establish what is a fair capitalization of our railroads. President Roosevelt, the Interstate Commerce Commission and a majority in Congress have already declared for pooling of receipts of our railroads, and soon pooling will be legalized unless public demand in opposition prevents; and this public demand must be immediate. Advocates of pooling say it failed twenty years since because pooling agreements were then unenforceable. They say, Legalize such agreements and make them enforceable in law courts, and all will be well. Shall we follow this advice; shall we consolidate the power of the railroads and the money cliques that has been used to work evil? To increase the power of those who have abused a power, to strengthen the hands of those who, possessing power conferred by railroad monopoly, have abused it, is hardly the way to put an end to abuse. Add to such power, and we add to the abuse.

Legalize pooling, fixing of maximum rates, consolidation of railroads and capitalization at the time of consolidation on the basis of earnings at that time, and we open the way to a new issue of capital stock on a false basis and rob the people of many millions of dollars *per annum,* and provide for the cliques in control of our railroads an easy way of selling fictitious capital stock to the small investor and so gathering into their own pocket much of the accumulated capital of the people.

And now let us consider the overcapitalization of our railroad corporations in some detail. It is not to the despoilment of the consuming public, but to that of the investing public, that I desire to direct attention at this time. This latter despoilment is effected through overcapitalization and the launching of watered securities upon the market for the investing public to buy; and, of course, where the public pays good money for securities that represent no investment of capital, no tangible property, but float on wind, the public stands to lose, and it must lose whenever a squall comes of sufficient violence to burst the bubble.

When our railroads were built, the manner of capitalization, borrowed from British, German and Dutch financial negotiators, was to issue, through a construction company, bonds and stocks of a nominal value, always twice the actual capital invested, and sell them—the bonds often selling for from seventy-five to eighty

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per cent. of their face, the stocks going as a bonus to bankers, negotiators and projectors of the enterprise. These fraudulent operations were sustained by our courts and by our most respected lawyers and bankers. So our country, populated by an industrious and careful people, was opened up by railroad lines. The new lands, worked by a people of unequalled productive power, were made to bear a burden too heavy. Few reaped the benefits of the productiveness of labor; the men who were parties to the fraud described—there were only a few thousands in this class—gathered wealth, and the industrious, poverty. The great majority of our people are now in the dependent class, working for inadequate salaries and wages — inadequate, because their share of the products of capital and labor joined together is not what it should be. There should be happiness and universal comfort and abundance, but our people find themselves discontented and under a curse. Our people, blessed by nature, saw that they were cursed by man, and they have awakened to a realization of the wrongs they suffer, if not yet awake to the remedy. This curse is in the shape of tolls exacted on interchanges of the products of labor and by those who render nothing in return, largely by men who manage our railroads. These arbitrary tolls, being dexterously mixed up with tolls charged for services actually rendered, were long unnoticed. The men to whom was granted the right to build and operate the railroads of the nation acquired the right to charge such tolls for transportation of freight and passengers as would recompense them for the cost of building, keeping up and operating the lines. When these grants were made, no one contemplated that the tolls charged would be higher than was necessary to effect that purpose. But these rights have been abused in the most outrageous way. The railroad cliques added to their legitimate charges simply because they had a monopoly. Part of their charges was for service rendered, part was toll exacted by monopoly. But, mixed up together, it was hard to pick out what were just charges, what monopoly charges. This was made increasingly difficult by the way in which the railroads kept their capital accounts. They unscrupulously and often fraudulently, I repeat, watered their capital accounts, so that it was made to appear that the railroads cost two times what they actually cost, or more. And so what was an exorbitant return on the real cost of a railroad was often made to appear quite inadequate. I wish

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to emphasize what I have already said. Of course, those to whom this watered stock was issued grew rich, while the industrious classes, having to pay a toll to monopoly on the interchange of the products of their labor for the products of others, were deprived of the full profits of industry. The railroads are the instruments of oppression and robbery. Through railroads, the wealth of the country has become concentrated in the hands of a few cliques. These are the men who have blighted the prosperity of an otherwise blessed people; they made the curse that shut off men from the enjoyment that should have come with the increased production of our people.

Awakening to this, at last, the people have resolved to break the curse put upon them by these railroad and banker cliques, and they entered the wedge in the last session of Congress—the Railroad Rate Bill is this wedge. The bill is defective, but its very defects will not only open wide the eyes of the people to the wrongs they suffer both through special freight rates and special service, but also force them to see the charges they are mulcted in to meet interest and dividend on water-capital. And now let us take up the vital question of overcapitalization of railroad corporations—vital, because the railroads take from the people each year for dividends on fictitious capital the great sum of $350,000,000, a tax of about four dollars upon every man, woman and child in our country. It is an open secret among those within the railroad cliques that the masters propose, by means of consolidation of railroad corporations, to increase further the capitalization of our railroads by some five or six billion dollars, and so filch from the people an additional $300,000,000 *per annum*. These masters go on the assumption that capitalization should be fixed on earnings, and not on the basis of proper and adequate returns upon investment of actual capital. Rates to be fair and reasonable must be made upon fair and reasonable valuation of railroads. The present capitalization of our railroads is in the aggregate about $13,800,000,000. The cost of these railroads, with all the changes of line, roadbed and equipment properly chargeable to capital accounts, does not exceed $6,000,000,000; so we have in the capitalization of our railroads almost $8,000,000,000 of fictitious capital. This water-capital the railroad masters propose to increase by further consolidation of companies, and in other ways well known to railroad lawyers, by another six billion dollars.

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It would be wrong to make such statements if they were not based upon solid foundations. But no one competent to discuss the subject can or will question them. I overestimate cost when I put cost of our railroads at six billion dollars.

In an address before the Franklin Institute, on January 11th, 1906, Professor William D. Marks said, in discussing "The Finance of Engineering Enterprises":

"The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for June 30, 1904, gives the total mileage of railway tracks in the United States, wherever located or however used, as 297,073 miles, and their length of roadbed as 212,243 miles.

"Total capital stock issued	$6,339,899,329
" funded debt	6,873,225,350
" railway capital	$13,213,124,679

"The total length of roadbed of a steam railway is not a criterion of its cost, for it may have four tracks and vast freight-yards and stations and miles of siding.

"It may be built regardless of cost of construction, as is the Pennsylvania low-grade freight line from Harrisburg to Atglen, where 4,000,000 cubic yards of rock excavation sometimes are required per mile of roadbed, or it may be built like the many tens of thousands of miles of single track stretching across the prairies of Mississippi Valley, which can be best described as two streaks of rust on a mud bank, traversed by few trains.

"But the total length of single track, wherever located or however used, will give us a rough index to the difference in construction cost of a four-track, a double-track, and a single-track road, and also amply cover the extra cost of sidings and freight-yards.

"From our figures, we find that every mile of railway track in this United States is capitalized at about $44,480, whatever its real cost may have been.

"To find this real cost is somewhat difficult.

"Suppose we take the oaths of the railway officials to the tax-gatherer as to taxes and reported by Interstate Commerce Commission June 30, 1904:

Ad Valorem Taxes, June 30, 1904.

"On values of real estate and personal property	$43,410,020
" " stocks, bonds, earnings, etc.	6,305,807
" " property not used in operation	1,324,808
"Total (omitting special taxes)	$51,040,635

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"Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota and Vermont are the only States not accepting the basis of ad valorem taxation as their principal factor in levying taxes.

"One per cent. is certainly as low an average tax rate for State or county taxes as can be reckoned upon and will fix a maximum valuation of $5,104,063,500, or about $17,520 average value of total construction property and equipment per mile of single track wherever built in this United States.

"Perhaps this is not convincing. Perhaps it will prove more convincing to select an average State, such as Indiana, and give the tax valuation of its State Commissioners for 1904 upon all its steam railways.

"We find returns of trackage and values as follows:

"Main track	6,730.55	miles
Second main track	615.69	"
Side tracks	2,846.17	"
"Total of all tracks	10,192.41	"

"And we have as their tax valuation upon all tracks, rolling stock and improvements upon right of way $165,863,367, or $16,274 per mile of track.

"A careful study of the details of the Report of the Tax Commissioner of Indiana for 1904 will prove convincing as to its fairness in stating the truth concerning the true cost of Indiana railways.

"If we take Indiana as an average railway State we obtain for 297,073 miles of single track $4,834,666,002 as the total cost of all the railways of the United States.

"Without going into the details here, a most liberal and careful analysis of the excellent Report of the Massachusetts State Railroad Commissioners for 1903 would appear to prove the average cost of construction and equipment of a mile of single track to be less than $25,000. In Massachusetts the car equipment is very large ($10,000 per mile) because the manufacturers are many and the population dense, so we can regard this figure as a maximum average cost per mile of single track for every State.

"Perhaps a detailed estimate of cost of a single-track railway will make its cost clearer and still more convincing.

"We will at first omit the extra costs of urban right of way, of long bridges, of heavy rock cuts, and of extraordinary tunnels and excavations. We will, however, allow an average of 10,000 cubic yards excavation at 35 cents, or $3,500 per mile. If excavation and embankment are balanced in each mile we have 102 cubic feet per foot of track, or an average cut or fill sixteen feet wide and six and a half feet deep, which of course you will recognize as an excessive allowance.

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Estimate of Cost of One Mile Single Track to the Top of the Rail.

"Preliminary legal expenses and right of way		$700
Surveyors	$100	
Grading	3,500	
Ties, 2,640, at 50c.	1,320	
Rails, 70 lbs., at $30 (118 tons)	3,540	
Joints and bolts, 352 at $2	704	
Spikes, four per tie, 5½×⁹/₁₆, 5,280 lbs., at 4c.	211	
Switch irons	150	
Road ballast, 10 ft.×2 in. (50c. per cu. yd.)	652	
Fencing-wire with posts	480	
Crossings	20	
Labor laying track	1,000	
		11,677
Architectural work—stations, shops and houses		1,500
Extraordinary expenses—bridges, tunnels, etc		2,000
"Total for construction of one mile		$15,877
Equipment from State tax Comm. Indiana		1,781
"Total cost of construction and equipment		$17,658

"The item $1,781 is obtained by dividing the assessed value of all rolling stock on Indiana railways by their total of single track 10,192 miles. The items of $1,500 and $2,000 cannot be verified as completely as others, but they are ample, and the majority of our nearly 300,000 miles of single track has never benefited by the expenditure of this $3,500 item.

"We have endeavored to get at the real cost of construction and equipment of average railways, and reached the following results:

(1) From the taxes sworn to by railway officials.....$17,250 per mile
(2) From the Report of the Indiana Tax Com..... 16,274 " "
(3) From a careful and overloaded estimate..... 17,658 " "

"Before this I have stated to you that Massachusetts with its hilly and rocky topography might average a cost of somewhere near $25,000 per mile of single track, and now you also see that $17,500 per mile cost is a high average estimate for the vast network of railways that covers the Southern States and the Mississippi Valley. $44,480 per mile is the average capitalization found. This is divided up as follows:

Funded debt per mile	$23,137
Capital stock " "	21,341
	$44,478

"Comparing these figures with the average cost of construction and equipment, $17,500, we find that about 76% of the par value of our railways' funded debt has been utilized for their creation and that the sale of stock has not been required at all.

"Remember, I am dealing with averages. Fortunately there are exceptional railways in which both bonds and stocks have been paid for and the money legitimately used for the purpose of creating them, but they are few.

"On the average the capital stock of our railways has no more real

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basis as a token of labor or of existing property than a counterfeit bank-note, and the par value of our bonds is greater than the cash cost of our railways by about 33%.

"You ask how can this have come about? I answer: There is no more facile instrument for the cunning man than a corporation allowed to work in secret.

"When an average railway is built, a construction company is generally formed, which agrees to build it for its securities, and doing so receives them, and placing the bonds, through dealers in securities, reserves all or a portion of the stock for itself.

"The actual cost spent on a railway appears to average 76% of the value of the bonds, the remaining 24% goes as profit to the bond broker and his allies in the construction company, unless the bonds are sold below par, say at 90%, and then the profit is reduced to 14% cash and the speculative profit which may be obtained from the sale of as much stock as they may be able to retain for themselves.

"If we are extremely liberal with these railways we might allow $20,000 per mile of single track, and then it would appear as if 86% of the par of the bond issue, $23,137, has been appropriated for construction and equipment.

"Careful appraisements of the cost of reproduction of existing railways have been made by the State of Texas, in 1895. The best and most careful engineers, valuing the Texas railways mile by mile, obtained an average of $18,000 per mile of roadbed for all construction, equipments and investment.

"It would have been clearer and fairer if they had given the cost per mile of single track, wherever laid or however used, for their railways, which is much less.

"Usually after a few years of operation a railway is consolidated with or purchased by some larger system of railways and on this account a new issue of securities is usually born and sold.

"Of course there are many other causes of the existing status of our railways, but I have given you the usual method of inflation and the main cause of their enormous overcapitalization."

Railroad companies have for years robbed the public by overcharging for railroad services to render their watered securities valuable and saleable on the Stock Exchange. When an angry public forces upon railroad managers a reduction of passenger and freight charges, as surely the public will, the innocent purchasers will lose all or the major part of their investment. Great bankers and brokers, trusted by their clients, have led the general public to buy their securities by stating that they represent real property. When traveller and shipper get their rights, the owner of securities must suffer, and many of them will believe they have been swindled. They will receive no more consideration

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from an outraged people than does the man who buys stolen goods at a pawnbroker's shop.

The railroad question has become the paramount issue before the people, for the activities of the country are controlled by the railroads, now a great part of our national life, for the United States is practically a railroad country. The railroads, though chartered and created by the State to serve the people, to serve all men without preference or prejudice, without overcharge for services rendered, do not do so. The creator has become the servant; the railroad is now the master, the citizen the servant.

The gross abuses shippers suffer from discrimination, from special rates and privileges, from special service and rebates, may be removed by the Rate Bill just passed by Congress; but the people, as a mass, will suffer from overcharge for transportation —to pay interest on fictitious capital, to pay interest on securities, mostly stocks, for which no money was given, no labor expended —until the water is squeezed out. Remember that these overcharges —the $350,000,000 taken each year from the people for interest on fictitious capital—are often the profits of the agricultural and industrial operations that produce the articles for transportation. Thus it is that the wealth produced by the many, and that should be of right accumulated by the many, passes into the hands of the few; thus it is that one per cent. of our people have come to own as much property as the remaining ninety-nine. We have now in all States an outcry against "graft" of all kinds, but that is only an outcry against petty larceny. This "great moral awakening," this true and rightful indignation, will do very little to stop the grand larceny perpetrated by the railroad corporations. We must put an end to the aggressions of concentrated capital through overcapitalization of railroad corporations, and stop charges to pay interest on seven or eight billions of dollars of fictitious capital.

What annual charge for transportation the people at large should pay, so that those men and women who have innocently invested their money in fictitious bonds and stocks may be least injured, is a question of ethics hard to answer.

That our people may enjoy their rightful inheritance, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, we must sooner or later nationalize our railroads. But at this time all we can hope to secure is a fair basis of charges and no discrimination.

WHARTON BARKER.

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HOW LONDON LOSES BY MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

BY ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

FIFTEEN years ago (and a year or two more) some young men were travelling sedulously around London—to Radical Clubs, to Nonconformist Debating Societies, to Trade-Union gatherings, to the parks on Sunday afternoons; they were not particular, so long as they could get an audience—preaching the gospel of Socialism. They were well-educated young men, for the most part, pure from venal influences and unmistakably in earnest. They called themselves "Fabians"; Mr. John Morley called them "dreamers of dreams"; Social Democrats derided them as "milk-and-water Socialists," and sometimes, as a facetious synonym, "gas and water Socialists." That was because these dreamers were really practical and wide-awake persons, with the middle-class man's dislike for high-sounding theories and gory revolution, and the Englishman's attachment to parochialism.

They dreamed and preached to a purpose. They interpreted Socialism, not much in terms of cosmopolitan revolt, but in the narrower terms of municipalism. The private ownership of the means of production is wrong, said these young men in common with Collectivists the world over. But, they added, get rid of this private ownership by the most practical means to your hand; make your municipality buy the gas and the water, the tramways and the docks; let it invade the province of trade and start municipal coal depots and municipal bakeries; and let it run these institutions for the benefit of the community. There will be better wages and shorter hours of labor for the workers engaged in them; the cost of commodities to the public will be lowered, and the remaining profits, they explained, instead of going into the pockets of "divvy-hunters," could be returned to the com-

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munity in the form of beautiful open spaces, old-age pensions, or any other instalment of the millennium which might please the communal fancy.

The democratic public of London listened delightedly. It was not interested in the cost of these experiments, for most of them did not, directly, contribute to the local taxes; besides, these municipal undertakings were to pay their way handsomely, and, in spite of higher wages and lower prices, be more profitable than when subjected to the wasteful influences of private competition. The democratic public looked with unconcern upon the prospective crushing out of profit-making enterprises; for but few of them were capitalists. It hailed the prospect of free libraries and other luxuries, of free food for the school children, of living in good and cheap houses owned by the municipality; the working-men saw visions of indefinitely increased wages and diminished hours of toil and the unquestioned sovereignty of the Trade-Union.

Into this fertile soil a Conservative Government, unwitting of the consequences (that is characteristic of Conservative Governments), had planted a thing called the "County Council"—a body endowed with large and elastic powers of local administration over that great wilderness of streets which is now the County of London. The Council was set up in 1889; in March, 1892, it went to the polls for reelection. An astonishing electoral result followed. The Progressive Party—for so the democratic contestants were called—swept London; and the more advanced, in a municipalizing direction, the candidate's programme was, the bigger was his majority. The policy of Fabians, out of which the Fabian Society had made its motto, that "for the right moment you must wait, and wait most patiently, but when the right moment comes you must strike, and strike hard," was recalled in exultation. The overwhelming Progressive majority met at the Council's offices at Spring Gardens in a state bordering on delirious ecstasy. It soon turned its enthusiasm into the work of realizing its programme. With a superabundance of youthful energy it broke out forthwith, through committee and subcommittee, in a multitude of directions towards the realization of the advanced municipal programme.

The Council, as it was then and has for the most part been since constituted, has, to quote from one of its critics, a very simple creed and a definite policy, both of which may be summed

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up in the motto, "Never miss a chance to boss somebody." But that sort of simplicity has, obviously, endless ramifications in practice, and to deal with all the ramifications of County Council activity would need more space than is at my disposal here. We must leave aside its intolerant interference with a hundred things which it was never in the contemplation of the Parliament which established the County Council that it should concern itself with; we will confine ourselves to what is more particularly our subject—illustrations of the Council's efforts in municipal ownership.

But just a word or two, first, to give the reader a notion of the expensiveness of the new municipalism. The central body which has control of London's affairs before the County Council was brought into existence was called the "Metropolitan Board of Works." In 1888, the last year of the labors of this body, its expenditure upon "establishment"—that is, salaries, office expenses, pensions and so on—was under £40,000; and the Board of Works was commonly denounced as an extravagant institution. In the year ended March last, the London County Council spent upon establishment close upon £285,000. The expenses for inquiries, and so forth, of the Council's various committees amounted last year to £109,000; the old Board of Works got through that department of its activities for less than £5,000 a year. Then, with regard to the various services of an administrative kind which the Council performs—sewerage, fire brigade, etc.—the expenditure upon like services by the old authority was £354,000 a year; the new authority last year spent £760,000, in addition to £156,000 upon services which have been added to the Council's functions since the old Board of Works days. The debt has more than doubled. It was seventeen millions, sterling, in 1886; it had risen to thirty-six millions sterling in 1906. London has grown in the past sixteen years, but not at that pace.

Now as to the Council's trading enterprises. The most important of them at present is the tramway service. Until the London County Council got to work, such tramways as London possessed were in the hands of private companies, which worked under charters obtained from the Legislature. But in these charters, or Acts of Parliament, power to purchase the undertakings was given to the local authority, and the County Council, as the local authority, lost no time in setting about the purchase. The purchases have had to be made in pieces, a length here and a

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length there, in different years; according to the latest available report of the Council about ninety-eight miles of tramways had been bought up to March, 1905, and further purchases were in contemplation. The purchase-money of these ninety-eight miles amounted to over two millions, sterling, but another million may be added for other expenditure incurred in connection with the tramways. But these acquisitions of lines hitherto under private enterprise have gone only a small way towards slaking the ambitions of the Council. That body is now building or projecting tramways in every direction throughout its area; to choke out such private enterprise as existed was merely a preliminary clearing of the ground. The only bar to the Council's traction aspirations is to be found in the county boundary. It cannot travel beyond that boundary; but it is showing its unsatisfied yearnings by building or projecting new lines right up to the boundary.

The statement that the boundary is the only bar should, however, be qualified. There are one or two other obstacles. The law is one. Some little while ago, the Council started an omnibus service, in competition with the privately owned omnibuses. The owners of the latter took the Council into the Courts, and there it was explained to the enthusiastic municipalizers that, when Parliament gave them authority to run tramways, it meant tramways and not omnibuses. So the horses and vehicles had to be sold—of course at a loss to the ratepayers.

The Council has experienced another check to its tramway ambitions, which is worth noting because it explains an important item in London County Council finance. In addition to the County Council, London has a number of Borough Councils—bodies which control the more particularly local affairs of the twenty-eight districts into which the metropolis is divided. When the County Council is about the starting of a new tramway, it induces the Borough Council to pay a third of the cost, on the ground of improving the Borough Council's road over which the tramway will run. A company putting down a tramway could not get a Borough Council to pay a third of the cost; yet this mightily convenient arrangement does exist to enable the amateurs of the County Council to show a profit on their undertaking.

And they have become so enamored of this simple expedient for showing a small capital cost, and consequently enlarged profits, that they have pursued it still further. They not only get rid of

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a third of the cost of a tramway by transferring it to the Borough Council, but they get rid of another third by charging it to Street Improvements, the Tramway Department itself thus paying only one-third of the cost of its undertakings. It is easy enough under this arrangement to delude the citizens into the belief that the County Council is spending its money wisely and well, making a splendid success of the municipal trading business!

The wonder is, rather, that the County Council cannot show better profits; for, in addition to the above-named curious financial method, it affects another dodge of bad finance, but one common to municipal trading; it does not allow adequate sums, in its annual accounts, for depreciation of plant. The depreciation is about £35,000 a year upon lines capitalized at £2,670,000—equivalent to less than 1½ per cent., which any one can see is an absurdly inadequate allowance for the depreciation of tramway plant. Further, having the security of London at its back, the Council has been able to borrow the money for its tramways at rates which private undertakings can only regard, with envy, afar off—something under, or about, 3 per cent. Even so, the profits are tiny. For the year ended March of last year they amounted to £7,084, after allowing the above-mentioned ridiculously small sum for depreciation. The year before there was a deficit, and so there would have been last year but for the rental received in respect to some of the tramways whch the Council has bought, but has leased to the selling company instead of working them itself. Doubtless, the Council will make a better showing in future years, and that is not saying much; it could hardly avoid doing so; but the fact remains that the municipal ownership of London's tramways is a most expensive failure. The failure is partly the result of mismanagement, such as the adoption of the conduit system in unsuitable places, partly the arithmetical effect of reducing fares to a non-paying basis and raising wages and decreasing hours of labor, with the same disregard of the balance-sheet. The mismanagement is the result of putting an industry under the control of men who know nothing about it; the low fares were a bribe to the democratic voters; the increased wages and reduced hours of work are sufficiently accounted for by the open cringing of the Council to the trade-unions, though an equally good explanation may be found in the growing thousands of the Council's employees, who are voters as well as servants. The explanations

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are various; the main fact is simple; the municipal ownership of London's tramways is a costly failure.

The tramways have occupied so much space that there is little room left for the other socialistic instalments of the millennium in London. But a paragraph must be spared for the Thames steamboat service. For one reason or another, climatic mainly, steamboats on the Thames have not been a success even under private management. It was thus extremely unlikely that they would prove aught but a dire failure in municipal hands. This consideration did not deter the London County Council municipalizers, under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. John Burns, from engaging in the attempt. At first, Parliament refused them a charter, but eventually, succumbing to a powerfully worked agitation, the Council was given its franchise, and the public its opportunity of travelling up and down the river in municipal steamboats. The service began in June of last year, and was chiefly remarkable at first for the incompetence with which it was handled. The record in the Council's minutes of many subsequent dismissals confirms the public observation of this aspect of municipal service, and gives color to the report that the insurance companies had refused to continue to insure the boats save at higher rates. Naturally, however, as time has gone on, improvements have been effected on the technical side, but with regard to the financial side of the venture the experiment has been indeed a disastrous one. At the inception of the scheme, the chairman of the Rivers Committee of the Council estimated the annual expenditure at £98,960; as to the receipts, he went into the most extraordinary comparisons with railway and omnibus traffic, yet out of these calculations, inapplicable for comparison though they were, he evolved the remarkable result that the receipts would also just come to £98,960. Alas for the gentleman's statistics! The receipts, as the weather cooled off with the approach of autumn, went tumbling down, until, by the end of November, they had got down to £100 per week. There was an angry agitation for the stoppage of the service during the winter; but, with obdurate pigheadedness, the Council refused to do more than curtail the service, leaving to Londoners the deplorable spectacle of absolutely empty boats following one another under the river's bridges. The Council's own estimate made last December was to the effect that, during the winter, it would be spending over

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£13 for every £1 received. Truly, as the Chairman of the Rivers Committee had said, but with a different meaning, the municipal steamboat service was "fraught with startling possibilities."

A word now as to the Council's notorious "Works Department"—by which is meant a branch of the Council's service which performs labor direct, instead of through an outside contractor. Such a department is important in the eyes of Socialists as a step along the road to the abolition of private employment. To the County Council "boss," it is useful as a means of patronage and vote-securing. To the ratepaying public, the attraction held out was that money would be saved which would otherwise go into the pockets of wicked contractors. Up to the autumn of 1902, the Council admitted a loss on its Works Department of £71,505. It has since showed a profit of some thousands, reducing this loss, but the figures are not material because there is every reason to think that the Council's figures are "faked." Such profit balances as have been presented lately represent simply the difference between the estimate of the Council's architect of what the work should cost and what it actually does cost; and proof has been given that the estimates often grossly exceed a fair allowance. Thus it has been shown that, while a Government office pays to contractors £19 2s. per rod of brickwork, the Works Department of the County Council allows £28 per rod for a cheaper kind of work. We need not trouble ourselves, therefore, about profits estimated in this fashion. When it has suited its convenience, however,—that is, when it was trying to get work which had to be put out to open contract—the Department has managed to reduce its estimate below the lowest contractor's tender. It did this once in the case of an asylum which the Council wanted. The lowest contractor's tender was £296,575; the Works Department got the contract away from him by undertaking to do the work for £284,445; the actual expenditure by the Department was £330,500. Any one in danger of being captivated by municipalism should study those figures. Here is another little example. The Works Department set out to lay a sewer at an estimated cost of £47,683. The actual cost was higher by £16,714—equal to 33 per cent.—and the cause of the increase was malingering on the part of the workmen. They were working for a popular body, their own delegated servants. This particular job, however, was too much even for the Council. All the men engaged in the

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work were discharged. But the object-lesson remains. So does the inherent badness of the system. It was publicly alleged four or five years ago that, whereas the average number of bricks laid by a bricklayer is 1,000 a day (some lay a good many more), the bricklayers employed by the Works Department of the London County Council lay at the most only 330 a day. The Finance Committee of the County Council was forced to institute an investigation into this charge. Its report so nearly amounted to a confession that the charge was true that one of the Council's own champions in the press admitted as much.

The County Council has not been deterred from its pursuit of Collectivism by the unfortunate results which have attended its experiments up to date. It proposes now to supply electric power to the whole of London, and last year it fought, viciously and successfully, the attempt of a company to get a charter for the supply of cheap electric power to the metropolis; for the County Council wants a monopoly. It brought forward its own scheme this year (which has been denounced in the Council Chamber as a "mad one"), but Parliament has arrested it, so no further discussion of it is necessary here. One more case of municipal ownership in London may be cited as a concluding illustration. The Council has recently taken to the manufacture of bricks. A gentleman who is himself one of the Progressive members of the Council has described the Council's brick-field as an unfortunate experiment, and has declared that, in the majority of cases, the bricks are unfit for use in the building of houses. The clay is difficult, the situation of the brick-field very wet, and therefore bad for the bricks. Yet the Council, which is rightly the enemy of the "jerry builder," has sold these bricks for the erection of cottages. The mania of the Council for undertaking trading enterprises is insatiable; it grows by what it feeds on. And it is all part of the Collectivist policy inaugurated with the triumph of Municipal Socialism thirteen years ago. The Council aims at being the universal employer, intrudes into every possible domain of industry, crushes out private enterprise, and relentlessly pursues it to destruction, whenever it can. Meanwhile, an enormous and increasing debt is being laid upon London, the opportunities of private enterprise are curtailed, and the local taxes go up and up every year in order to pay for the municipalizers' costly fads.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

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IS COLONIZATION A CRIME?

BY HANNIS TAYLOR, LL.D.

In a brilliant address delivered at the August meeting of the Virginia State Bar Association, Mr. Justice Brewer took as his theme "Two Periods in the History of the Supreme Court"—the period of national stability, extending from the foundation of the Government to the Civil War, and the period of national enlargement, extending from the close of that war to the present time. From the press reports it appears that the most striking portion of the address was that which referred to the recent Insular Cases, in which it was decided that the national Government has the power to acquire and hold, free from Constitutional limitations, and subject to Congressional control, territory outside the limits of the organized States. Said Justice Brewer:

> "Now, I submit this inquiry. Did the candid, intelligent men who drafted this Constitution and the people who adopted it, having just finished a seven years' war to free themselves from colonial subjection to Great Britain, intend to vest in the Government they were creating the power to hold other territory in like colonial subjection? I can but look upon it as an imputation upon either the integrity or the intelligence of the framers of the Constitution that this nation should establish for other lands the same colonial subjection to relieve themselves from which had been waged such an earnest and exhausting war."

No student of current events can close his eyes to the fact that Justice Brewer is a powerful exponent of the views of a large and growing element, composed of leaders in both of the great political parties, who are resolved to teach the rising generation that our entire scheme of colonial expansion and government is a new-fangled usurpation of political power, which the founders of the Republic never contemplated, and for which the Constitution does not provide. So aggressive is this element becoming, there

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can be no doubt that, in the near future, the people of this country must definitely pass upon its contentions before it can be said that our present policy of maintaining territorial governments in distant dependencies is a settled element in our national life. Those who assail the advance which has so far been made rest their case upon what I believe to be two entirely arbitrary and untenable assumptions: first, that, as a matter of manifest justice, residents of Territories which are in a state of transition are entitled to all the Constitutional rights guaranteed to citizens of fully organized States; second, that, as a matter of manifest historical fact, the founders of the Republic intended to establish that condition of things. Such is the novel theory intended to be expressed by those who have recently raised the strange and meaningless cry that the "Constitution follows the flag." The purpose of this paper will be to demonstrate that the assumptions upon which that theory rests are very recent inventions, and that they have no support whatever either in the general history of the world, or in the special Constitutional history of the United States.

Those who are striving to make our present efforts at colonization odious must admit that, in the past history of the world, colonization has been the most potent instrument in widening the limits of civilization. By that means the Greeks extended their brilliant life along the shores of the Mediterranean as far as Sicily, and by that means Rome drew the British Isles within the domain of history. And, when the shores of the Mediterranean no longer marked the limits of the maritime world, when the dominion of the seas passed from the Italian seaports to the nations bordering on the Atlantic seaboard, they, in their turn, by means of colonization, added a new world to the old. The entire process is one of reproduction. The colony is planted in foreign parts under the patronage of the mother state, and when it ripens it falls off and starts a new life for itself under the rule of Turgot, who said: "Colonies are like fruits, which cling to the tree only till they ripen." In the colonization of this hemisphere the theory was that the emigrants took the mother state with them on their backs. "The notion was, where Englishmen are, there is England; where Frenchmen are, there is France; and so the possessions of France in North America were called New France, and one group at least of the English possessions

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New England." And yet, during the entire process, the claim was never made, either in the ancient, mediæval or modern world, that colonists have the right to participate in the Constitution of the mother state from which they came. The most-favored members of the Athenian Alliance or Empire, even Chios or Mitylene, could not have a voice in the general direction of the Confederacy, as Greek exclusiveness rejected to the last the idea of a fusion of any large number of cities into a single body with equal rights common to all. There is nothing whatever to show that the founders of this Republic ever intended to depart from the world's past experience, so far as the government of territory outside the limits of organized States is concerned. On the contrary, we have the most conclusive record evidence made by themselves that their purpose was to acquire such territory, to hold and govern it free from the Constitutional limitations of the mother state, and subject alone to Congressional control. The fact is that this seems to have been one of the very few vital questions upon which the extremes represented on the one hand by Jefferson and on the other by Marshall fully agreed. And even when, at a later day, the acquisition of Louisiana made vital the question of the civil and political rights of the inhabitants, Gouverneur Morris, who more than any other man gave literary form to the Constitution, in a letter to Henry Livingstone said: "I always thought that, when we would acquire Canada and Louisiana, it would be proper to govern them as provinces and allow them no voice in our councils."

Jefferson was entirely in accord with Gouverneur Morris on that all-important subject. With the words of the Declaration of Independence warm upon his lips, he had no more inclination to extend the Constitution of the United States even to his brethren settled in outlying territories or colonies than Pericles had to extend the constitution of Athens to Chios or Mitylene. It never occurred to either that the principles of human right demanded or justified such an extension. The signing of the first Constitution of the United States, embodied in the Articles of Confederation, which was submitted to the States for adoption in November, 1777, was not completed until March 1st, 1781, when Maryland finally gave it her adhesion. The long delay arose out of the refusal of Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland to enter into the Confederation until the controversy was settled as to the ultimate

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ownership of the great Western Territory, of which France had been dispossessed. Although deserted by her allies, Maryland refused to abandon her contention:

"That a country unsettled at the commencement of this war, claimed by the British crown, and ceded to it by the Treaty of Paris, if wrested from that common enemy by the blood and treasure of the thirteen states, should be considered as common property, subject to be parcelled out by Congress, into free, convenient and independent governments, *in such manner and at such times as the wisdom of that Assembly shall hereafter direct.*"

In that way, the new nationality became the sovereign possessor of the whole Northwestern Territory—the area of the great States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, excepting the Connecticut reserve, which, under the Articles of Confederation, it had no express right either to hold or govern. Notwithstanding that fact, Congress, acting under authority clearly implied, boldly entered upon the creation of that scheme of territorial government which was embodied in the Ordinance of 1784 for the government of the Northwestern Territory. In describing that famous enactment, the eminent American historian, Professor J. B. McMaster, said not long ago:

"It was our first effort at colonial government, our first attempt to rule a community not fit to become a State and enter the Union; and by it a new political institution, the Territory, was created in two grades. At the head of the committee which reported the ordinance was the apostle of liberty, the father of American democracy, the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence. If one member more than another of that committee was bound to carry out the principles of the Declaration, and seek to establish a government in strict accordance with them, that member was Jefferson. If any one man more than another could be pardoned for attempting to carry the self-evident truth to an extreme, Jefferson was that man. Yet not for a moment was he led astray by the ideals he had announced to the world as the true basis of democratic government. He and his fellow members knew well that no popular government can stand long, or accomplish much for the good of the governed, which is not carefully adjusted to the wants, conditions and intelligence of the people who are to live under it. The plan presented and adopted, therefore, did not contain one vestige of self-government till there were five thousand free white males living in the Territory, and this in spite of the fact that the great majority of them would be citizens from the seaboard States and well accustomed to self-government. . . . The clear distinctions between a State and a Territory, thus drawn at the very outset of our career, and the principles then established,—that Congress

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was free to govern the dependencies of the United States in such a manner as it saw fit; that the government it granted need not be republican, even in form; that men might be taxed without any representation in the taxing body, stripped absolutely of the franchise, and ruled by officials not of their own choice,—have never been departed from, and have often been signally confirmed."

After the division of the Louisiana purchase, a part, corresponding very nearly to the present State of Louisiana, was named the "Territory of Orleans." To the new Territory thus formed an oligarchal form of government was given by Congress, but little in advance of that devised in the first instance by Jefferson for the Northwestern Territory. Even the right of trial by jury was conceded with a serious restriction.

When, for a second time, our domain was expanded by the acquisition of Florida, Congress, ignoring the idea that the Constitutional guarantees should be extended to a Territory, gave to the new possession in 1822 substantially the same form of government provided for Orleans in 1804. The time had now come for the Supreme Court of the United States, speaking through Chief-Justice Marshall, to determine whether or no the colonial or territorial system devised by Jefferson for the government of Territories beyond the limits of the organized States vested in their inhabitants the right to participate in the Constitutional guarantees provided for citizens of the United States. The precise question was whether the tenure of the Territorial judges, elected for four years, was regulated by the clause which provides that "the judges of the Supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behavior." At last Marshall and Jefferson were at one. The former, with the concurrence of all his associates, declared that the clause of the Constitution in question had no application to a Territory whatever. He said:

"These courts, then, [Territorial courts] are not Constitutional courts in which the judicial power conferred by the Constitution on the General Government can be deposited. They are incapable of receiving it. They are legislative courts, created in virtue of the general right of sovereignty which exists in the Government, or in virtue of that clause which enables Congress to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States."

When, for a third time, our domain was widened by the acquisition, in 1848, under the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, of a vast region inhabited by people of mixed races, with laws and customs

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unlike our own, the problem of Territorial government became entangled with an effort to extend the limits within which slavery could be maintained. In the course of a debate that ensued on an amendment to a certain bill offering to extend the Constitution and certain laws of the United States over the proposed Territories of Utah and New Mexico, a scene occurred of which Mr. Burton gives us the following description:

"The novelty and strangeness of this proposition called up Mr. Webster, who repulsed as an absurdity and as an impossibility the scheme of extending the Constitution to the Territories, declaring that instrument to have been made for States, not Territories; that Congress governed the Territories independently of the Constitution and incompatibly with it; that no part of it went to a Territory but what Congress chose to send."

In 1879, in the case of the First National Bank of Brunswick *vs.* County of Yankton, 100 U. S., 129, the Supreme Court, without a dissenting voice, declared that:

"The Territories are but political subdivisions of the outlying dominion of the United States. They bear much the same relation to the General Government that counties do to States, and Congress may legislate for them as States do for their respective municipal organizations. The organic law of a Territory takes the place of a constitution, as the fundamental law of a local government. It is obligatory on and binds the Territorial authorities; but Congress is supreme, and, for the purpose of this department of its governmental authority, has all powers of the people of the United States, *except such as have been expressly, or by implication, reserved in the prohibitions of the Constitution.*"

In the case of Downes *vs.* Bidwell, 182 U. S., 244, the Supreme Court, speaking through the weighty words of Mr. Justice Brown, simply reiterated that historic and unassailable doctrine, when it said:

"That the power over the territories is vested in Congress without limitation, and that this power has been considered the foundation upon which the Territorial governments rest, was also asserted by Chief-Justice Marshall in McCulloch *vs.* Maryland. . . . To sustain the judgment in the case under consideration, it by no means becomes necessary to show that none of the articles of the Constitution apply to the island of Porto Rico. There is a clear distinction between such prohibitions as go to the very root of the power of Congress to act at all, irrespective of time or place, and such as are operative only 'throughout the United States' or among the several States. Thus, when the Constitution declares that 'no bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall

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be passed,' and that 'no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States,' it goes to the competency of Congress to pass a bill of that description. . . . Whatever may be finally decided by the American people as to the status of these islands and their inhabitants,—whether they shall be introduced into the sisterhood of States or be permitted to form independent governments,—it does not follow that, in the mean time, awaiting that decision, the people are in the matter of personal rights unprotected by the provisions of our Constitution and subject to the merely arbitrary control of Congress. Even if regarded as aliens, they are entitled, under the principles of the Constitution, to be protected *in life, liberty and property.*"

In the light of that splendid and humane exposition of the nature of our colonial or territorial system which Jefferson devised, and which Gouverneur Morris, Marshall and Webster approved, how can any one suggest that it is an imputation upon either the integrity or intelligence of the fathers of the Republic to assume that they intended that we should perpetuate it as a part of our inevitable and irresistible growth? Those who are attempting to maintain that this nation is a sterile monster, incapable of reproducing itself after the manner of all other civilizing nations, cannot venture to appeal either to the past history of colonization in general or to its special history as involved with our own.

Encouraged and sustained as we are by the history of the past, and by the precept and example of the fathers, why should we shrink from the mighty part we are predestined to play in that Pacific world which is to offer an almost boundless domain for our commercial activity? As early as 1852, William H. Seward, standing in the Senate of the United States, swept the horizon of the future, when in these bold and prophetic words he said: "Henceforth, European commerce, European politics, European thought and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will, nevertheless, relatively sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and the vast region beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." At that time, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Iowa and California were the only States west of the Mississippi; California was then but a string of mining-camps, and San Francisco a crude frontier town; west of the Mississippi there were then but eighty miles of railway and no telegraph lines; steamships were still a curiosity in many parts of the Pacific; Mexico, Central America and the Pacific states of South America, which

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had emerged successfully from their wars of independence with Spain, were still hampered by internal dissensions; Hawaii was little known except as the place where Captain Cook was killed; the Australian colonies were just entering upon their career so rich with promise of wealth and commerce; China had been recently forced at the cannon's mouth to open a few of her ports to foreign trade; Japan was still a sealed mystery; Alaska and the Siberian coast of Asia, except for the adventurous fur-traders, were in the undisturbed possession of the seal and the Eskimo. Since then, what a mighty transformation! Mr. Seward could hardly have dreamed that his prophecy was so soon to be fulfilled. By a master-stroke of statesmanship he led the way for us by purchasing Alaska for a song. Then the Hawaiian Islands were annexed, and soon the Philippines came through a process of causation which swept Cuba away from Spain, in order that she might become the fortress without which, as Captain Mahan says, we cannot defend the Panama Canal. The piercing of the Isthmus is the only problem that remains, and who can doubt that our indomitable and far-sighted President will make it possible for that dream to be realized? When our ships of commerce carry the flag through the new waterway from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific, it will be followed by one of the three great navies of the world, an institution far more potent in foreign parts than the Constitution. The Southern States bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico, which are now entering upon a career of unprecedented prosperity, will be benefited by the change far more than any other part of the Union. Certainly, their citizens should not join in the cry against a natural and inevitable process of expansion because it involves the application to dependencies in the Pacific of a system of territorial or colonial government by Congress which was devised by Jefferson and approved by Marshall.

HANNIS TAYLOR.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONS: AN INTERPRETATION

BY THE REV. JAMES L. BARTON, D.D.

At Williamstown, Massachusetts, has just been celebrated the centennial of a mission prayer-meeting held during a severe shower of rain under the lee of a haystack near that town. To this remarkable meeting, at which there were present only five college students, is attributed the beginning of movements which eventuated in the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions four years later. These young men have become well-known historical personages, and the noted meeting-place is marked by a marble monument suitably inscribed and bearing the name of the five participants.

While it is recognized that these young men had courage and vision in advance of their generation and persistence to adhere to their position in the face of ridicule, indifference and open opposition, it is well known that modern foreign missions had already received their birth in England and were there well under way. These five men, Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis and Byram Green, were sensitive to the religious influences of the hour and ready to respond to them.

In 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society of England was organized through the exertions of the well-known William Carey. This was quickly followed by the formation of the London Missionary Society in 1795, and by the Church Missionary Society in 1799. The formation of these societies and the work of the early missionaries they sent out attracted wide attention. The movement was a new one that called out many leading articles in all of the religious magazines upon both sides of the Atlantic.

At the same time in America itself there had been for many years a movement, more or less marked, toward a systematic

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effort for the conversion of the Indians, and for the religious cultivation of white people dwelling in remote colonies—"to Christianize the heathen in North America," as one constitution puts it. The General Congregational Association of Connecticut in 1774 voted to send missionaries to new settlements of the West and Northwest. Other associations followed in the same line, and missionaries were sent into Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Ohio and New York, as well as into other places. In 1806, the strain of the Revolutionary War was off, and for nearly a generation the colonists had been able to devote themselves to the arts of peace and to the pursuits of education and religion. The "New York Theological Magazine" began publication in 1795, followed five years later by the "New York Missionary Magazine and Repository of Intelligence," and also the Connecticut "Evangelical Magazine," with the "Massachusetts Missionary Magazine" three years later. The rapid increase of religious and missionary magazines reveals the fact that both religion and missions were attracting the attention of intelligent people.

So far as we can learn, little thought was given to an attempt to Christianize remote nations. It is true that, in the organization of a home missionary society as far back as the close of the seventeenth century, a clause was inserted in the constitution giving as its object, "the diffusion of the knowledge of the gospel among the heathen as well as other people in the remote parts of the earth." And yet no one seemed to take seriously the "in the remote parts of the earth" of these constitutions.

In the midst of these conditions occurred the so-called "haystack prayer-meeting." This was a most informal affair, in which, as reported by one of the number, general conversation had a large place. The subject of the conversation was the duty and privilege of American Christians, and especially of the five men in that meeting, to Christianize "dark and heathen lands." One of the number thought the movement ill-advised, and opposed it. The four were united against him; and, in response to the objection that the task was too great to be undertaken by so feeble a force, they uttered the declaration that has rung down the century, "We can, if we will." They then joined in prayer for the success of their object, and the haystack prayer-meeting passed into history. These men did not let the question rest with a prayer-meeting, but organized a student society with this mis-

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sionary object in view. When some of them a little later went to the Andover Theological Seminary, this society was transferred thither and enlarged. The one supreme object was not for a moment lost sight of, nor did they relax their efforts. As a result, in the spring of 1810, the General Congregational Association of Massachusetts organized the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, with John Treadwell, Governor of Connecticut, as its president. This was the first foreign Missionary Board formed upon the American continent. It was not denominational; and, for more than a generation, it was the agent of various denominations for the conduct of their missionary operations.

What was the effect of the organization of this missionary Board? In seeking for the reply to this question, one would naturally look to the countries to which the missionaries went. But, in fact, the first and most marked effect was upon the people of New England, and not upon the heathen. The American colonists had a hard time, physically and politically. It required all of the hardihood and perseverance of their stern natures to meet these conditions and maintain educational institutions for their children and support the church. They entertained little thought of foreign countries, except the dread of foreign oppression and the endeavor to avoid entangling foreign alliances. If foreign countries would not disturb them, there was no purpose upon their part to interfere with any country across the seas. They saw little or nothing in the nations abroad which commanded their attention. There was real danger that America might become so exclusive that Americans would repudiate any responsibility for all except America, and decline to seek knowledge regarding any other country or people. It required a purely religious impulse to arrest attention, turn it from local and personal affairs and fix it upon remote and hitherto unknown lands.

As soon as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized, in 1810, and the first company of missionaries was sent out in 1812, the religious magazines were replete with articles upon or about the countries and people to which the missionary had gone. They also published extensive statements from the missionaries regarding the religious customs and characteristics of the people and countries where they were located. The entire country was set to studying Eastern geography. The missionary magazines published new and original maps. As

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the reports and letters of American missionaries were carefully and systematically followed, countries which had previously existed hardly in name began to have a specific and well-defined existence in the minds of our people. Thus the Sandwich Islands, Burmah, Ceylon, India, Syria, Turkey, within a single generation, became to a great number of people who were interested in the new mission movement almost as familiar as much of our own outlying frontier territory.

As an illustration of the method of this new educational awakening, take the Levant. Except Palestine, little was known of the religions or the customs of the people who occupied the interior of Asia Minor, Armenia, Koordistan, Persia and Syria. There were no general and reliable maps of the country, no books of travel available for the ordinary reader. The American Board sent missionaries to that country in 1819. They were assigned to coast regions, like Smyrna, Beirut, Salonica and Constantinople, with Jerusalem the most interior point. The missionaries began explorations at once. The mountains of Lebanon were soon penetrated, and the Druses and Maronites, with other tribes and races, studied and written up. Messrs. Eli Smith and H. G. O. Dwight started from Constantinople in 1830, and spent more than a year upon a journey overland across the entire length of Asia Minor, through Armenia and Koordistan into Persia and back again. They were keen and accurate observers, and made a minute report concerning every phase of their observations. The results of their observations they wrote in two volumes, which passed through several editions, so eager were the people of this country for the new knowledge thus brought to them.

At about the same time, Dr. Asahel Grant, a medical missionary of the American Board, went to the mountains of Koordistan between eastern Turkey and Persia, journeying south into Mesopotamia. For years he lived in that region, travelling back and forth among those wild tribes of Koords, accepting the hospitality of their chiefs and gathering information for the outside world. Mr. Schultz, a scientist, the only man who had ever attempted to penetrate that region, had a few years before paid the penalty of his rashness by the loss of his life at the hands of a suspicious Koordish chief. Dr. Grant kept a careful record of all of his experiences and observations; and to-day his journals contain the most accurate and trustworthy reports we possess regarding that

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wild and interesting people. Dr. Grant was a direct contributor to the general education of the English reading world, and the world was not slow to appreciate the fact. Not long since, the writer inquired in the British Museum for the best book or books upon the Koords, and he was handed the journals of Dr. Grant with the remark, "That is the best thing we know."

What the missionaries of the American Board in Asia Minor, Armenia, Koordistan and Persia did for broadening the intellectual horizon of the people of the United States and England, other missionaries of this Board and other similar Boards in India, Ceylon, Burmah, China, Africa and the Pacific islands also accomplished for their region. Not only were the reports of these missionaries printed in religious and missionary magazines, but scientific journals also vied with each other in securing articles that were so original, entertaining and instructive. The American Oriental Society depended upon the missionaries for its most valuable material. Of the 591 pages of the first volume of the Journals of this Society, 153 pages were written by five different missionaries. In the second volume, eight missionaries filled 134 of its 342 pages. Considerably more than one-third of the whole contents of the Journal, for many years, was furnished by foreign missionaries.

What was true in this one instance was equally true in many directions. Missionary magazines like the "Missionary Herald" had a wide circulation, and were filled with articles and reports of personal investigations made in remote and unknown parts of the world. Permanent works were prepared and issued, like "The Land and the Book," by William M. Thompson, forty years a missionary of the American Board in Syria. This masterly work has undoubtedly done more to introduce the English-speaking world to the people and country of Syria than any other. Even to the present time, this book remains a classic and is sold in a variety of editions with many illustrations. China was introduced to the Western world by the massive and classic work, "The Middle Kingdom," written by S. Wells Williams, a missionary of the American Board. Time has not impaired the value of this masterly work; and scholars to-day turn to it for accurate information regarding the religion, life and government of the Chinese.

These instances, which might be indefinitely multiplied, are sufficient to show that, while the movement inaugurated at Will-

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iamstown in 1806 through a prayer-meeting was in the minds of the participants purely religious, nevertheless, in actual fact, it was one of the most far-reaching educational movements for the English-speaking world that have ever been set in motion.

Incidentally, this new movement, which in the minds and purposes of its originators was purely religious, had a large value to Americans commercially. It is true that it was no part of the purpose of those five young men at Williamstown, neither has it been the purpose of their successors nor of the Board that sent them out, to promote the commercial interests of this country. At the same time, it must be recognized that as rapidly as the conditions prevailing in the East were known to the merchant classes in the West, trade opportunities were eagerly noted and seized. The missionaries' articles and reports necessarily contained much that attracted the attention of the traders of the West. The missionaries were always in advance of the consul or diplomatic agent. They blazed the way and demonstrated by their own continued residence in countries like Turkey, Persia, China, the Sandwich Islands and Africa, that residence in these countries was safe for an American. Then followed the pioneer of commerce and trade, the American consul. However much the missionaries may have wished to have the facts otherwise, it is true that the consul came. Thus American products in a variety of forms and in astonishing quantities found their way into the East through doors opened directly by the modern missionary movement. These products consist of school, hospital and printing-house supplies, machinery, agricultural implements and tools of many varieties, musical instruments, kerosene-oil, watches and clocks, books, foodstuffs, cloths, etc. A missionary set up the first electric telegraph instrument in the Turkish Empire, and today there are thousands of miles of wire in operation. The religious service held at Williamstown one hundred years ago inaugurated a movement which has accomplished more for American trade and commerce than is often accredited to it. All that the cause of foreign missions has cost from that day to this has been returned manyfold in profits accruing from trade with the East growing out of the plan and purpose to evangelize the world.

The advantages above mentioned accrued to this country, although the effort sprang from purely altruistic motives. There have come, however, to the countries abroad, into which the mis-

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sionaries entered and where they labored for the Christianization of the people, advantages of which the originators of the movement never dreamed. It is possible to mention but a few of these, and that with greatest brevity; but the few will suffice to show something of the import and wide sweep of the movement called "foreign missions," hitherto thought by many to be a plan only for converting individuals and securing their baptism.

The introduction of modern education into the East and the Far East must be credited to the foreign missionaries. The condition of the Sandwich Islands in 1820 is too well known to require description here. The people were not cannibals, but they were not far removed from the lowest and most degrading savagery. Missionaries set up there the first printing-presses, opened the first schools and inaugurated and conducted general educational institutions for two generations. To-day the islands possess collegiate and theological institutions and a modern school system, directed by the descendants of the missionaries and the enlightened children of native leaders. China knew no learning except that which centres in the classics of Confucius, and all Western education was considered beneath their contempt. For nearly a century the missionaries gave time, strength and talent to the preparation and production of modern text-books and in conducting schools for the training of Chinese young men and women. Missionary educators were repeatedly called by the Government to take charge of national institutions. The popularity of modern learning rapidly increased, until, in October, 1905, by imperial decree, Western learning was made the basis of the civil-service examination throughout the Empire.

At the opening of the last century, in India there was hardly a trace of anything in education that could be called modern. India's millions not only were not educated, but they had little desire for learning. Gradually, schools were established by the missionaries and the principles of modern education were taught. As the influence of the British Government increased, the officials, perceiving the supreme value of the educational work the missionaries were doing, began to subsidize their schools. This Government subsidy has increased until, at the present time, hundreds of thousands of dollars are given annually for the support of educational institutions, recognized to be of high grade and under the control of missionaries. The university system of India

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is the direct outgrowth of the missionary educational system, and is made up very largely of the combination of missionary colleges. These universities are examining bodies and not teaching institutions. Students in mission and private colleges that come up to the standards of the university receive their degrees at the hands of that body. Remove from India to-day the institutions established by missionaries, and the five Indian universities would be forced to reduce greatly their operations or go out of existence.

Perhaps one of the most marked illustrations of the influence of modern education upon a country and the races that inhabit it is that of Turkey and the Levant. In 1820, the doors of that country were practically closed to all that was modern in the way of schools or teaching. While the Mohammedans were slow to arouse themselves to seize the new privileges offered them, this was not true of the Greeks, Syrians and Armenians. Soon the Turkish Government took alarm at the rapid progress the cause of education was making in the Empire and strenuous but unsuccessful endeavors were made to check it. From the Bosphorus on the west to Persia on the east, and from the Black Sea on the north to Egypt on the south, modern colleges for both sexes have been established and are to-day crowded with eager and able students. Robert College at Constantinople and the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut stand out as examples of many more that might be named. Students from these dozen or more institutions are to-day taking post-graduate work in our best Universities. Missionaries have carried into every country they have entered the modern school of every form and grade. Through these, in greater or less degree, modern education has been introduced into every Asiatic country; and in some of them, like Japan and China, it has resulted in completely transforming the national educational system. We do not claim that missionaries have done all this. We do claim that they were the pioneers.

The missionary movement has introduced into the East the modern practice of medicine and surgery. As early as 1834, the American Board appointed a missionary to China, Peter Parker, M.D., who at Canton in 1836 had acquired a wide reputation among the Chinese for his unusual skill. Gradually the Chinese came to recognize the value of modern medicine, and occasionally in recent years missionary physicians have been put in charge of Government hospitals or hospitals erected by influential officials.

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The missionaries have opened medical schools in the Empire equipped with modern appliances; and to-day hundreds of educated Chinese youth are preparing themselves for competent medical service to their own people. Many others are studying in the medical schools of Europe, and the United States and Japan. Japan quickly passed from the traditional form of treating diseases to the modern method.

Similar progress has been made in India, Africa and Turkey, as well as in other countries. Go where you will in any city of importance in Asia, and there you will find the modern hospital for both men and women, in which American, British and native physicians practise side by side. Most of these are missionary hospitals. In connection with not a few of them are medical schools of high grade. This modern medical movement is rapidly crowding back into oblivion the ancient and cruel medicine men and women, and substituting in their places the educated native physician, trained in all that is best in modern medical methods. In this movement the foreign missionaries were the pioneers.

The missionaries have carried into the East the most colossal social reform the world has ever seen. Within the first half century of modern missions, thousands of educated Christian families established themselves in remote, but strategic, centres of Asia, Africa and the Islands of the Sea. They took up their residence in those places, not for a brief period, preparatory to a return to the home land, but they settled down among a strange, rude and often savage people for a lifework. There they established their home. There were their children born, and in multitudes of instances there also they were buried by the side of the dead of the land. Through famine and plague and massacre they remained. The missionary's home became a place to which the troubled, the perplexed, the broken-hearted went for help. All classes found there a common welcome. The influence of such a home widened and the fruits of it began to be manifest in transformed native homes, in an altered society, in a new conception of fraternity. In many instances the old missionary was laid to rest in the soil his life had hallowed, by his son, who, after securing an education in the home land, had gone out to carry on to completion the work his father began.

Multiply this single experience by something like 6,000, the number of widely scattered stations in the East and the Far East

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now occupied by European and American missionaries, and one can begin to conceive of the measureless social influence of this work. Caste has been broken in upon; social evils in countless forms have been made unpopular, crowded out of sight or abandoned; the position of women has been lifted from that of a servant, or even a slave, to that of a friend and companion. The home has been discovered and glorified. Men and women have been induced to combine in effort for the common good. Selfishness has been made to appear mean, and the nobility of service for others has been given high place. All this has not been as yet carried through to perfection by any means, but the movement is inaugurated and is progressing. The purpose is, not to transport into the East a European or an American society, but to cause to spring from the soil of the Orient new social conditions that shall be in every respect Oriental, while preeminently Christian. This new social force was potentially present in the Williamstown prayer-meeting, but no one recognized it.

The last of these great movements which I will mention, having their origin at Williamstown a century ago, is that leading to a truer sense of the fraternity and community of interest among all nations and races. To Americans at the beginning of the last century all Asiatics were "heathen." The man of the East presented no attractions to the man of the West, except as a curiosity and as an object for religious instruction. That the Oriental could teach anything except evil to the Occidental never for a moment entered the mind of the American. Filled with this idea, the modern missionary movement was inaugurated, and the Eastern peoples in their true character gradually became known. It was a surprise to many to learn how intelligent, far-sighted, devout and capable of great development were many of the Eastern races, and especially of some individuals in all races. It was indeed a brave missionary who first advocated the new and almost heretical doctrine that, even in the religions of the East, there were many customs and beliefs worthy of respect and reverence. Almost imperceptibly the feeling of contempt and pity for the Asiatic was turned, in a degree, into respect. Out of this came a conviction that the educated, upright Chinese, Japanese, Korean or Indian is a brother man, with whom conference upon every theme, including religion, may be profitable to all parties. This sense of fraternity was fostered more directly by the educational

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institutions established and directed by American missionaries, and patronized by the brightest and most intelligent young men and women of the East. The white teacher was forced into admiration for his intelligent pupils, while the students, who, it may be, entered the school with little regard for the pale-faced foreigner, came to hold him in high esteem. The intelligence of the East was thus revealed to the people of the West, establishing mutual respect. Not only were the West and the East united, but different countries in Asia came to know and esteem each other through the intervisitation of students at the more recent student-federation gatherings. The fraternity engendered and fostered by the great student conventions in both the East and West cannot be estimated at the present time.

Out of these conditions grew the desire upon the part of the students of Asia and Africa to go in person to the new world, and from actual contact with the West learn for themselves. In constantly increasing numbers, students from mission and national colleges in the East are coming to America and Europe for post-graduate work. At the same time, they are passing back and forth between institutions in their own countries. To-day, there is hardly a college or university in the United States or in Europe that has not upon its rolls Asiatic students, often of many different nationalities; while there are few great educational institutions in the East in which there are not American or European students. In all of these institutions, East and West, race distinctions are rapidly disappearing and the student body, the most democratic body in the world, is uniting, all irrespective of race or color. Those who make up this student body are the men who are to be leaders in every particular in their respective countries. They are to shape the intellectual, commercial, political, social and moral life of their own countries. Who would undertake to estimate the importance, in its bearing upon the peace of the world, of this mingling of students of all nations in the educational institutions of the East and West, their participation in great world-student gatherings, their acceptance of a common basis for true education and common standards for justice and morality? I venture the statement that, for the coming of the future peace of the world, this one fact alone is worth more than all of the navies of all of the great Powers.

These are some of the marked results of the haystack movement

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one hundred years ago. It has been customary to think that the outcome of that historic prayer-meeting was simply the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which soon became one of the largest and most important of foreign missionary boards. It has been customary to enumerate the 20 widely scattered missions of that Board, number its 18 colleges, its 14 theological seminaries, its 76 hospitals and dispensaries, its extensive publication work in 26 languages, its nearly 700 churches and over 4,000 trained native leaders, and many other facts of this nature, and consider these the sum total of the results of the new movement. Even these wide results were not foreseen by those who were most instrumental in the organization. To them the purpose was almost, if not quite, purely religious, and a sharp line was drawn between "the religious" and "the secular." Little did these five men know that they were making plans that would affect the intellectual life of every race, drawing the world closer together with bonds created by a community of interest. From no other prayer-meeting of which we have any record have come such momentous results.

At the beginning of the last century Africa, Japan, China, India, and, in fact, all Asia, were practically closed to the West. To-day, as the direct outgrowth of modern foreign missions, every important section of Asia has been penetrated and has become the permanent residence of Americans and Europeans, and about these have sprung up institutions that awaken the intellects of the people, that tend to create a safe and pure society and to impart high ideals. By mission presses alone, not less than one million pages of Christian and educational literature are daily put forth. Millions of the natives of these countries enjoy the benefits of modern scientific medical practice. There is hardly a city of importance in the Far East in which a traveller, if taken seriously ill, could not receive the best of medical and surgical care, either in a missionary hospital or in a hospital that is the direct outgrowth of missionary operations.

Savage lands have yielded up their savagery, and in the place of violence and plunder one finds sobriety, intelligence and peace. In countries that were impenetrable for the boldest traveller a century or less ago, a woman can now travel alone in perfect safety. Western merchandise by great train-loads is entering the interior of the Far East, where two generations ago missionaries

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cautiously picked their way on foot among suspicious and openly unfriendly peoples. Warehouses for Western goods stand upon ground made sacred by the blood of murdered pioneers. Stone churches and substantial school buildings in countless numbers commemorate countless martyrdoms. From north to south and from east to west across Africa have the missionaries gone, until there are few sections of that so recently "dark continent" that are not now well known. It was the missionaries who opened the Eastern world to the West. They have battered down the barriers which separated these regions, and are now demonstrating the solidarity of the race and the common interest of all mankind.

Had it not been for this modern foreign missionary movement, it would have been impossible to bring together anywhere in the world such a gathering of students as met at Nashville, Tennessee, in March of this year. Here were assembled in a convention that continued for five days 4,346 delegates, representing 26 different countries and 716 educational institutions. Similar student conventions were held in Toronto, Cleveland and other cities in this country, as well as in different cities in Europe and the Far East. At the present time, arrangements are in progress for a gathering of a similar character in Japan. The entire student world is rapidly federating upon the platform of fraternity, cooperation and a common faith in man and God. This spirit is winning both the Occident and the Orient to a supreme effort and self-forgetful sacrifice. It is breaking down race prejudice, making impossible the perpetuation of national rivalries and jealousies and laying the foundation for international unity.

All this and much more is the direct outcome and result of the organized effort that began with the haystack prayer-meeting in Williamstown in 1806. Neither the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, nor any other, nor all other, mission boards, accomplished all this. But the movement that began at that time has enlarged in a multitude of directions, appropriating to itself new forces and instilling into old forces new life and inspiration, and to-day it is putting its stamp upon every nation, and is giving to the world a common conception of righteousness, justice, truth and civilization. No known standard can measure the force and value of this century of Christian missions, and no intellect has a sufficiently clear prophetic vision to forecast its conclusion.

JAMES L. BARTON.

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THE NEW ERA IN SOUTH-POLAR EXPLORATION.

BY OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD, LEADER OF THE SWEDISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

SWIFTLY, incessantly, during the century just ended has our knowledge of the earth advanced. Step by step, the interiors of the great continents have been explored; and though as yet no one has reached the North Pole, enough has been done to make it probable that the Arctic world has now no great surprises left in store for us.

But the time of the "white patches" on the map is not yet past. In the farthest south, framed in by seas that, swept by eternal storms, seem to meet the invader with the hollow-voiced threat, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" stretches an immense territory, "the great white desert" of the earth. A region almost as large as North America remains unvisited by man; what we know of the borders of this mysterious world consists of a few stray data, collected during the cursory visits of sealers, or the rarely occurring voyages of the explorers of the Southern Seas.

I have said that the whole of this region is unknown, but that statement is not quite accurate. It *was* unknown when, eight years ago, I cast longing looks from Cape Horn, the southernmost point of the American continent, towards a still farther south. Since that day much has been changed, although the extent of the unknown tracts has not shrunk in any considerable measure.

But an age that has done so much towards the exploration of other regions of the globe could not let such a territory, an entire continent, remain unvisited; and no less than seven great Wintering Expeditions—no count being made of the

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shorter visits of relief-vessels—have been sent out to Antarctica during the course of the last few years.

The first two of these expeditions, one Belgian under de Gerlache, and one Norwegian-English under Borchgrevink, started ere the nineteenth century closed, and may perhaps be considered as pioneers in the actual work of investigation. No very great knowledge is needed of the difficulties that beset Polar explorers in general, and South-Polar explorers in particular, to enable one to understand that isolated expeditions can do but little in tracts of such vast extent as the one in question, and therefore a great international collaborative expedition was arranged, wherein, at first, England, Germany and Sweden took part, each country sending out a vessel to work within a district lying south of one of the great oceans. England undertook to explore the tract south of the Pacific, especially that part of it which lies south of Australia; to Germany was allotted the district south of the Indian Ocean; while the Swedish Expedition, under my leadership, was to explore the lands and seas south of the Atlantic and South America. The three parties started towards the close of 1901; a year later, we were joined in our work by a Scotch Expedition, whose principal task was to study the seas forming the southern boundaries of the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans.

The task of the Swedish Expedition was to investigate the American-Atlantic division of Antarctica. Unlike our English and German sister expeditions, ours received no state aid, and this fact was to a great extent the reason why we could not think of procuring such an expensive equipment as theirs. We were therefore obliged to be content with a not very modern vessel, but the ship we chose, the "Antarctic,"—so named from having been used some years previously in a whaling expedition to the far southern seas—was a well-known, first-class vessel, that had given a good account of itself in many a bout with ice and storms in Polar Seas. It was my intention, after I had landed for the purpose of wintering amidst the ice, to send the vessel back to South Georgia and the extremity of South America, in order to carry out scientific work at those places. In Dr. J. G. Andersson I found an excellent man for the post of leader of the scientific work during my absence from the vessel, whilst the command of the ship itself was entrusted to Captain Larsen, a man who had gained his experience on whaling and sealing expeditions.

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We did not leave Sweden before the 16th of October, 1901, and we caught sight of the Antarctic Shetland Islands by the 10th of the following January. After a month devoted to a voyage of exploration, I landed, with five companions, on the little island named "Snow Hill," which was a place, as the first glance showed, of unusually great scientific interest. Our little party watched from the shore the gradual disappearance of the vessel towards the ice-free seas to the northwards. But we experienced no feelings of disquietude; in a year she was to return and fetch us off; and how much would not each party, in its own fields of observation, have learned and gathered during that period! And which of us could imagine that we should nevermore see our good "Antarctic," or that twice twelve months should elapse ere we greeted other human beings again!

We had brought with us the materials necessary for building a house—which we ourselves put together—with provisions calculated to last two years, in case of need.

And now we had to begin our work in earnest. We had now to learn to know the wonderful aspects of Nature that surrounded us, and to endeavor to penetrate to unknown regions by means of sledge-journeys. In respect to the first of these tasks, it would be scarcely possible to imagine any place more full of interest than that we had fixed upon as our home and as the scene of our earliest labors. The present conditions of nature in the Antarctic World were unknown, and yet they must be of the greatest importance, and nowhere could they be better studied than just where we were; but there was something in addition to this: these gray sandstone rocks, from which storms had swept away the snow, formed a great book in whose pages we were allowed to read a wonderful and hitherto unknown story of development.

It is not my intention to give here a recapitulation of the scientific results obtained; the large work, which is now beginning to be published at the cost of the Swedish state, will give an account of these matters. But we may, however, dwell a while on one subject. Perhaps the weightiest result of the work of the combined Expeditions is, that the misty dreams of olden times of the existence of an Antarctic Continent are now beginning to assume fast form; but this new world is merely a mass of ice and snow through which project a few wind-swept peaks, and at whose edge lie small, naked patches of shore. But

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it has not always been thus. We have not only discovered innumerable fossils of the animal world that, in former times, lived in what is now the Antarctic Ocean, but we have also proved that numberless years ago—although in what, in geological respects, is a late epoch—there was here the seacoast of a land not as now snow-clad, lashed by a thousand storms and with verdureless rocks, but a land clothed with luxuriant forests, a land on whose shores lived a rich animal world; although a remarkable fact is that this animal life, even then, consisted to a great extent of penguins. But these olden penguins were very unlike those of the present day; they were giantlike forms of more than human size, and they were, most certainly, among the strangest creatures that ever lived on this earth.

What possibilities are not opened, by means of these discoveries, in knowledge of the history of the world's development? There has thus been a time when the Antarctic Continent formed a bridge linking the three southern continents, and, from this now frozen land, America, Africa and Australia probably received much of their now existing animal and plant forms, ere cold and ice came to kill all that could not take refuge in the waters of the sea.

For the purposes of geographical exploration, our station was, on the other hand, somewhat too northerly, but I had hoped that, in consequence of this northerly position, the winter would be both milder and lighter, and that we should thus be enabled to make longer expeditions. In these expectations I was thoroughly disappointed. The unexpectedly severe climate we encountered here forms one of the most interesting experiences of our Expedition; amongst all Antarctic territories, those lands south of South America appear to be comparatively the coldest and the most inaccessible. But worse than the cold were the terrible blizzards, which no words are forcible enough to describe. During the first winter, we experienced these fierce gales for more than half the time, the storms lasting weeks in succession, and making it a matter of mortal peril to go out and read off the instruments. The whirling snow swept past in clouds that made it difficult to see one's hand when held before one's eyes, and the small grains of hard-frozen snow struck the face like needles. The house shook as though it were part of an express train; heavy objects, such as full-packed chests, were carried far out on

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to the ice, and our largest boat was blown away over the shore and smashed against the rocks. It was only by creeping on hands and knees that one could move against the wind, and even then there was a risk of being blown away by sudden gusts. This with a temperature of thirty or forty degrees *below zero, F.!*

Such being the weather, all thoughts of sledge-journeys were, of course, out of the question; but, when spring came with somewhat quieter conditions of the atmosphere, I at once started on an expedition. It was early in the spring, at the close of September; for, when summer came, our vessel was to return too, and therefore I felt that there was no time to be lost, and started southwards with two companions and five dogs; these latter being all the canine help available.

It was an exciting journey along an unknown coast, where the natural features were quite unlike those presented by North-Polar tracts. Unfortunately, the storms and cold returned; once, for example, we had to lie in our sleeping-bags five days together, fearing every moment that the tent would be blown away. When the ice grew worse and worse, becoming full of fissures that formed bottomless abysses; when our provisions began to run short; and when, finally, one of my companions injured his arm badly, we were at length compelled to return, at a point situated some 200 miles from the wintering-station.

The summer was now at hand, but it brought no warmth that could melt the ice; and it was, in reality, the coldest summer that any human beings have anywhere experienced, the immediate neighborhood of the North Pole not excepted. Longing looks were here of no avail, and with an insufficient supply of provisions, for we had not stinted ourselves during the year—in complete ignorance of the fate of our comrades—ignorant if we should ever be relieved—we saw that another long winter was approaching, and felt that the Antarctic cold was drawing its fetters closer and closer around us.

I shall not dwell on the winter that followed, but turn instead to the most wonderful part of the story of our Expedition. When spring had once more come—in October, 1903—I found myself again on a sledge-journey, and in the midst of a newly discovered world of islands, channels, straits and fiords. It was a sunny day and we went briskly onwards, I ahead, half-running, and behind me my comrades with the sledge and dogs.

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Close in by the shore I see some black objects, a little taller than they are broad, but I suppose they are only blocks of stone. Who can describe my astonishment when I see that these objects are moving! Can it be any survivors of the old-time race of penguins, or—is it anything still stranger? Our sledge comes to a standstill; with trembling hands I take out my field-glass and—It cannot be possible, but it is, it is men I see! Off we go at a run, the dogs following at my heels, and my companions shouting to me to take out my revolver in case of need.

For these creatures did not resemble the picture that we, two-year prisoners, could still form of men from the world outside: two coal-black forms, with faces half covered with clumsy wooden masks (made, as we afterwards found, to serve as snow-glasses to protect the eyes); with hair and beard in ragged masses, from which hung long icicles; clothes of wonderful cut and as stiff as armor-plate. Had it not been for the skis they stood on, I should have taken them for aborigines of the Antarctic Continent, but *who* they were I could not guess, and the situation grew no clearer when we stood face to face, and they asked me in Swedish where the "Antarctic" was. They were obliged to tell me their names, and they were Dr. Andersson and Lieutenant Dure. A companion was busy cooking close inshore, and thither we hurried as soon as we had brought the dogs to their senses—for the animals had become wild with fear of these black figures—and it was then first that we were able to listen to their long and remarkable narrative.

At the beginning of the preceding spring—about a year before this meeting, that is—and after a winter rich in work and in results, the "Antarctic" had started southwards, in accordance with the plan agreed upon, in order to fetch us off. But the same singularly cold summer that had occasioned us so much inconvenience soon began to exert its direful influence on our ship too, for in places where an ice-free sea was usually to be found in the summer months, there now lay immense masses of ice, and all attempts to pass these barriers proved futile. The summer was going, and it grew plain that, if anything was to be done, it could only be by means of some extraordinary effort.

It was, therefore, determined to divide the expedition on board the "Antarctic" into two parties, both of which should endeavor to force a way to our wintering-station, but by different routes.

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Dr. Andersson and two companions were to go ashore, and, partly by land-journeys and partly by crossing the sea-ice, endeavor to reach Snow Hill Island on foot, while at the same time the ship, under the command of Captain Larsen, was to try to find a way to us through the pack-ice farther to the east; and so they hoped that, if everything went well, we should all be reunited by the close of the summer.

But this hope was not to be fulfilled. The land-party soon found that it was an impossibility to travel with their heavy sledge across the ice, which was very loose in places, and so the three men were obliged to return to "Hope Bay"—the name they afterwards gave to their starting-point—there to await the return of the vessel which was to call for them there in the event of not meeting them at the wintering-station. A most interesting place this Hope Bay was. Dr. Andersson made important finds of fossils there, whilst round about lived a colony of hundreds of thousands of penguins, the most peculiar representative of the peculiar Antarctic animal world. No description of South-Polar tracts would be complete were nothing said of these strange creatures, which, with their erect attitude, their short stumps of wings that they use like a pair of arms, and their involuntarily comical appearance, give the beholder an impression that he is in the presence of caricatures of human beings. One never grows tired of studying their life. And think what memories of them must haunt the men who remember, as we do, that they have these birds to thank for their own lives!

Week after week passed, and the three comrades looked with growing anxiety for the ship that was never to come. Of the fate of those on board we who had just met were all equally ignorant, and that explains why the first question of our new-found comrades, who had spent the winter in a stone hut they built at Hope Bay, had been of the whereabouts of the "Antarctic."

We from the station had, of course, no news of the vessel to give them. But if, eight months earlier, our longing glances cast northwards over the ice that covered the Erebus and Terror Gulf had been miraculously strengthened, we should have seen our ship no longer proudly battling with the ice, but wounded to the death and about to sink into her watery grave. The strife was ended; a storm that had forced the ice landwards had crushed her strong sides; the propeller was useless, and the month-long efforts

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of twenty men who, day after day and night after night, had striven their utmost, were of no avail. The men have taken the most essential necessaries of existence out of the ship and placed them on a drifting floe; they stand there silently and watch for hours the slow disappearance of their vessel, their home, beneath the waves. With a swish and a rattle, the water and the ice-blocks rush over the rail, the blue and yellow flag still flutters at the gaff—the blue and yellow flag that reminds them of a native land whose shores, maybe, their eyes shall never more behold. Now the flag disappears beneath the waters; the bowsprit goes; the last mast-top—and the ice-clad ocean lies there as free of sail as before earth's pigmies sent their spies hitherwards.

And whither shall these men turn their steps in such an hour? But he who should lose hope, even when everything is hopeless, ought never to venture on a journey to the Pole. After a few weeks of extraordinary labor—Death in a thousand forms attending their every step, and watching them with unwinking eyes through all the weary days and nights—they reached a gloomy, volcanic isle called Paulet Island; they reached land, but with only the remains of the equipment necessary for wintering at such a place. Autumn was already come, with storms and a temperature sinking to 0° F.; the penguins and the seals were preparing to leave the neighborhood. To send information of their whereabouts to the one or the other of the remaining divisions of the Expedition was, at the moment, an impossibility. But they did not lose heart, even now, when it had become a question of forcing Nature, for the first time in these icy, inhospitable regions, to supply the chief means of subsistence during the coming winter.

Now, afterwards, when we know their varied fortunes, it seems a most wonderful story, that of how these two parties—the three men at Hope Bay, and Captain Larsen with his companions on Paulet Island—succeeded in providing themselves with food during this long, melancholy winter. Both parties were most imperfectly equipped; both, using most skilfully all the possibilities that presented themselves, built their stone hut, and supported life chiefly on seal meat and penguin meat, which they cooked by means of blubber-stoves. Food and firing!—only an Esquimaux can rightly understand what these two words meant for our poor adventurers. There was not much difficulty as regards food, for they had always the store of tough, old, frozen and not

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very palatable penguin meat, which they had obtained by killing the birds in the autumn; but firing could only be supplied by the seals, and these animals were not so plentiful. What a watch was kept for them on sunshiny days! With what rapture did they not see on the ice the dark mass that *must* be a living creature!

There was no question of hunting, for these animals have never learned to know their most dangerous enemy, and they do not fly when a human being approaches them. A blow on the head with the sharp hack and the colossus lies there quivering, dead. The warm blood is drunk with eagerness, although the greater part is saved in order to make blood-pancakes of it. Were the supply of seal plentiful, many of the men would willingly eat the delicious blubber, fried as though it were bacon, but there must be no thought of this. The meat is taken home, and little of the animal is it that is left unused. And when in the evening there is brought in a dish of fresh seal-liver and kidneys, fried in blubber, each one feels the occasion to be one of no little solemnity, and the man who can produce an old ship's biscuit, saved from breakfast-time, to eat with the brown, fat soup which, on alternate days of the week, is called, and is intended for, tea or coffee, that man could certainly not seem more contented were he sitting down to supper at a first-class restaurant in New York.

Still, it really was not very often that a man felt thus supremely contented. There were three things they missed most of all: sugar, salt and tobacco. Of course food *can* be prepared with sea-water, but unfortunately, the process entails most unpleasant consequences for the first few weeks, or until the stomach has grown accustomed to the new method of preparation. And the poor fellows who had hitherto been accustomed to enjoy tobacco the whole day long, in one form or other, had now a very bad time of it. The most horrible substitutes were used to replace the beloved weed; best of these were coffee grounds and tea leaves many times boiled. A few grains of snuff added greatly to the flavor of both of these "mixtures," whilst one confirmed tobacco-chewer waited with joyous and patient expectancy for the promised bowl of a wooden pipe that showed signs of being soon unfit for its original use.

How often did not our friends express their regrets that the season prevented them from obtaining a supply of the greatest

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delicacy these regions afford—penguin eggs. How they longed for the approach of spring, when they would be able to eat their fill of such delicious food! It was a great day when the first penguins came, bringing the company good, fresh meat and the promise of eggs. These made their appearance at last—it was in November—and no words can describe how greedily they were devoured. A score of them, large as goose eggs, was the average number to a meal per man; one seaman ate thirty-six, or ten pounds' weight, of them at one time!

But this happy time was not to last long, for when it came, help too was near at hand, and the egg-supply that had been collected, the meal and the vegetables and the preserved foods that, in the days of greatest need, had been saved against a time that threatened to be still gloomier and more full of want, all these supplies were never to be used. They still lie there, awaiting the arrival of those who in future days may tread in our footsteps. The reader, perhaps, already knows how the Expedition ended, but for those who shared the adventures of these wonderful days new memories continually arise, new impressions are formed, new views are gained by every description given.

Spring came early that year, and on Paulet Island measures were soon taken for making clear the best boat, for the intention was to send out a party, as soon as the ice broke up, in order to communicate with the parties at the other stations. Larsen himself was to lead this difficult and dangerous expedition, and five chosen men were to accompany him. The boat was dragged across the ice, and the journey was continued amidst colossal, drifting floes that threatened every moment to smash the boat as though it were an egg-shell; whilst one most adventurous night was spent on a little floe that the violence of a hurricane was gradually rendering the prey of the waves. Thus was the journey continued for a week, the voyage often interrupted for many hours at a time by storms. During the intervals of comparative calm, all on board worked with unflagging energy in order to reach the goal with as little delay as possible. But to what end? thought they. They could bring us nothing but sorrowful news, news of a vessel lost with precious collections on board; news of the death of one of the crew; news that could give us no gleam of hope. And we who had been hoping for the return of the "Antarctic" should now be filled with despair, for what time might not pass ere any-

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body thought of sending us relief! But, in spite of these reflections, they rowed on, tired, worn out; on the last day they rowed almost incessantly for two-and-twenty hours. Was it a presentiment that wondrous events were about to happen that urged them on?

They are obliged to traverse the last stretch of ice on foot. Midnight is approaching, and the dusk of the Antarctic summer night is falling over snow-covered land and ice, when, at a distance, they catch sight of the outline of our building, of the house whose skeleton they had helped to erect twenty-one months before. A pack of madly barking dogs rushes towards them, but nothing can be heard of the dwellers at the wintering-station. Why does no one come to meet them? And why is the Swedish flag flying above the roof at this hour? What news should they hear? So great is the strain of the moment that no one dares to knock at the door and enter, but they wait outside on the ice to see what the next minutes will bring forth.

Some one comes out and looks with questioning eyes at the dark figures below him; he gives a shout; rushes into their outstretched arms; calls again, with incoherent voice, to us within the house, "Larsen is here!" and, to the new-found comrades: "Relief is here; out there lies an Argentine vessel. By Christmas we shall be home in Sweden!"—words that make the newcomers doubt whether their friend is in his senses or not.

And what does the reader suppose had happened at Snow Hill Island on that memorable day—the 8th of November, 1903? Three weeks had passed since our return from the journey when we had encountered our three sooty, barbarized comrades, and the nine of us who were thus united were now awaiting the arrival of the "Antarctic" with help. Who can picture our delight when, one forenoon, we caught sight of two black spots far off on the ice that were rapidly approaching us. "Men! Men!" was the cry, and we rushed out in a body to meet the newcomers, who, of course, we thought, must be comrades from the "Antarctic."

But what a revulsion of feeling we experienced when, on nearer approach, we saw before us two officers of another nation, and when they informed us that the Argentine Government had sent a vessel to our rescue. How great was our gratitude towards the land that had done so much for us; how great our joy to be able to return to our own country—but who shall measure the sorrows we felt when we thought that not the slightest hope could exist of our

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ever again seeing the comrades we left on board our vessel. But this was not the moment for regrets; we should search for the "Antarctic" later on; but now we had to make rapid preparations for leaving the place where, during two long winters, we had gathered such rich stores of memories. Now we had to pack up our belongings; now there was an end to all our scientific labors here. No wonder, then, that when night came the flag above the house was forgotten. That none of us thought of sleep was, of course, but natural, and it was no great wonder that, for a long time, the noise made by the dogs did not arouse interest enough to make any one go out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. But the long silence that succeeded drew our attention to the matter, and thus it was that some one went to open the door in order to see what had aroused the dogs.

Then he sees that group of silent men, whom he cannot recognize in the darkness. But as he stares at them, memory awakens; still, the thoughts recalled are so impossible that he begins to doubt the evidence of his eyes. *For it is a group of our lost comrades,* who are returned from the dead; they come nearer; it must be reality. A shout, and he springs to meet them; and the next moment we are all crowding around our comrades to view the miracle; but a long time elapses ere we can understand how this impossible meeting can be a truth.

This put a period to the difficulties of the approaching journey. Two days later, we took the remainder of our shipwrecked comrades, who had remained on Paulet Island, on board the Argentine vessel, the "Uruguay," and continued our journey northwards, our journey home.

I have now concluded my little sketch of this South-Polar Expedition. The Argentine vessel had not been the only one sent to our rescue, for our own country had fitted out a search-expedition, and another started from France under the leadership of Dr. Charcot. It is but lately that this last-named expedition has returned, after having spent a winter on the west coast of the same stretch of land which had been our field of labor.

It is as yet too early to attempt giving any account of the scientific results of the recent journeys to the far-off southern seas, but it is clear that they will prove to be of the greatest importance.

The South-Polar regions are no longer, in this respect at least, a "*terra incognita.*" That part of the international programme

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which dealt with the meteorological and magnetical investigation, has been carried out much more thoroughly than could ever have been expected, to the benefit of humanity and especially of all voyagers in southern waters. We have learned to know a remarkable climate, and the peculiar aspects of Nature which show us here far more ice and snow than can be found in North-Polar regions, show us a rich animal and plant world in the sea, and, to some extent, on the land, too. And what is of no less importance, by means of the fossil finds made by the Swedish expedition we are now able to follow this new continent through the stages of its development during geological epochs, down from the time when warmth and verdure reigned in the regions now lying beneath the sway of perpetual ice.

For it is a new continent we have there in the south. It had long been suspected that such was the case, but it is only now that, by means of these latter-day exploring expeditions, we have gained a firm basis for our assumptions. As yet we are acquainted with but details of this land, but these fragments are rapidly being united, and few will now doubt the fact of the existence here of a great and continuous mass of land.

But, still, the geographical discoveries are far fewer than those made by science. Only one of the many expeditions—the English—has penetrated to any great degree into the Great Unknown, and even that party has done little more than follow a coast-line. What the interior of the continent has to show us is at present an unsolved riddle. But this will not be so forever. The way is marked out, and the experience we gained by our manner of living, after the loss of the "Antarctic," proves that life may be supported there even with the resources offered by this poor southern land.

Much remains to be done and many difficulties must be overcome by future expeditions; still, how much clearer is the way now than it was before! Three hundred thousand dollars; a well-equipped expedition under an energetic leader and with able members who will know how to make use of our experience; a little of that good-fortune on the road of which every explorer stands in need—and the South Pole will be reached, and the greatest of the problems the globe yet offers shall have found its final and its full solution.

OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD.

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IS THE CELTIC REVIVAL REALLY IRISH?

BY MARY K. FORD.

THE surprising discovery, through the death of that hard-headed, canny Scotch writer and critic, Mr. William Sharp, that he and the supposed Gaelic poetess, Fiona Macleod, were one and the same person, leads one to ask whether the so-called "Celtic Renaissance" is, like the plaintive music of negro slavery, the emotional expression of a suppressed nationality, or merely a modern, conscious, and complex form of writing, ill-adapted as a garment for the Irish sentiment it is meant to clothe. For to many readers, and those not, perhaps, the least discriminating, the leaders of this new movement are singularly devoid of those qualities of simplicity, humor and pathos which, inspired by the love of the Irish for their religion, their country and their homes, have hitherto been the chief characteristics of the Celtic literature, and especially of its poetry, much of which is in ballad form. The intense love of the Irish for their country, loved all the better for its misfortunes, is voiced in countless poems, such as "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" "The Shan Van Vocht," and in none more fervidly than in "The Wearin' o' the Green," which, although introduced to the American public through the medium of one of Dion Boucicault's dramas, really dates back to the rebellion of '98.

The name of Thomas Moore stands at the head of Irish poets, and is known wherever the English language is spoken. His Irish Melodies, almost perfect of their kind, are, in their lightness of touch, beauty of rhythm and felicity of expression, brilliant examples of what is best in Irish verse. A celebrated Englishman once declared that the constancy of true love had never been better defined than in those lines,

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"No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose!"

The poem from which these lines are taken, "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms," is perhaps the best known of Moore's songs, and, set to music so suitable that the one can hardly be recalled without the other, still has the power, a century after it was written, to bring an Irish audience to its feet.

Another form of ballad deals with the simple events of daily life, and it is in them that the charm of humor and pathos is so marked. "Father O'Flynn" and "Widow Machree" express the more hilarious moods of the race, while in "Soggarth Aroon" and that beautiful ballad of the Irish famine, "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," written by Lady Dufferin, the gifted granddaughter of that most brilliant and typical of Irish authors, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the patience and resignation of the Irish poor are shown with a tender simplicity, so suited to the subject as to be the perfection of style. A noted exception to this classification is the work of that unhappy writer, James Clarence Mangan, whose poem "The Nameless One" breathes a grief and despair unlike the patient sorrow so often voiced in the simple Irish ballad. And yet, dark and bitter as had been his experience of life, the religious faith of his race still lived, and in his poem "The One Mystery" we see that faith struggling with despair, and finally asserting itself in the concluding words, "Endure and Adore."

Irish prose has been more varied in its form, embracing writers of irresistible humor (of whom Sheridan is perhaps the most brilliant example), as well as others in whom the racial characteristics are less marked. As Moore is the best known among the Irish poets, so Miss Edgeworth may be said to occupy a correspondingly prominent place among Ireland's prose writers. Here the likeness ceases; for Moore, the gay frequenter of London drawing-rooms, the singer of wine and wit, had little in common with Miss Edgeworth, the didactic author of "Moral Tales," "The Parents' Assistant," and the originator (in the character of Laura) of the female prig in literature. Although born in England, Miss Edgeworth lived all of her life in Ireland; and it is surprising that, with a long list of novels and tales to her credit,

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there should be so little humor in her books, though it may have once existed, only to be crushed by her father's dominant influence. "Castle Rackrent," as it is the best of her shorter tales, is also the most amusing; but Miss Edgeworth is far more English than Irish in her style. Charles Lever and Samuel Lover, both typical Irishmen in their social qualities and high animal spirits, have infused into their writings a dash and verve which, although slightly boisterous, carry the reader along with them. These traits are less marked in the works of such authors as Lady Morgan, whose "Wild Irish Girl," written when she was only twenty-three, made her reputation, and Sheridan Le Fanu, whose "Uncle Silas" could freeze the blood of an older generation.

Of later Irish writers who have upheld the traditions of their race without allying themselves with any "movement," are the talented authors of that most amusing book of sketches, "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."; Jane Barlow, whose poetry and stories of Irish peasant life are among the most beautiful and convincing that have been written; and Miss Eleanor Alexander, the daughter of the Primate of All Ireland, whose "Lady Anne's Walk," a charming book about the Archiepiscopal Palace at Armagh, has the true national blend of simplicity and humor. Father Sheehan's delightful stories of clerical life, "Our New Curate" and "Luke Delmege," show another side of Irish life and emphasize the Irish peasant's strong religious feeling, his passionate love for his church. These are only a few of the names connected with the Irish literature of the past century; but, diverse as their subjects may be, there is a touch common to them all which we characterize as "Irish." How do the writers of the Celtic Revival compare with them?

Perhaps the best known of the latter, in this country at least, is Mr. W. B. Yeats, who lectured here a few years ago on the Gaelic Revival, and was listened to with rapturous attention by audiences containing a large percentage of people who knew nothing of Irish literature, past or present, but to whom the lecturer and his subject represented the latest intellectual fad. And, certainly, Mr. Yeats looked the inspired poet, as Paderewski looks the ideal musician. Tall and slender, with dark eyes and a lock of hair falling over his brow, his appearance was all that could be desired, and his hearers succumbed to his charming personality sufficiently to try and believe that a play like his "Pot of Broth"

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(really a threadbare jest told in dialogue form), acted by untrained Dublin apprentices, would prove that realization of the dream of the "intellectual drama" for which culture has been long athirst.

Most of Mr. Yeats's subjects are taken from the old legends of Ireland, many of them still handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth. How these may sound when told by the light of the peat fire it is not easy to say; but, when read from the printed page, most of them are extremely dull. Let any one who desires an acquaintance with the interesting folk-lore of Ireland turn to Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends," written eighty years ago, and see what perfect simplicity of treatment can do with the tales of the peasantry. In those pages he will make the acquaintance of Teigue of the Lee (own brother to Tinker Bell), the Fir Darrig and the Leprechaun, and have his flesh set creeping by the blood-curdling story of the Phooka.

Ireland, artistically, is as strongly divided as she is politically. The writer once asked a clever old Irish lady what was thought of Mr. Yeats in her part of the world. She replied without any hesitation: "Sure we think he has a slate off."

A critic of such views would hardly appreciate Mr. Yeats's undoubted beauty of phrasing, which is particularly noticeable in his prose and in his dramatic work. "The Hour-Glass" suggests the old morality plays, and in it his love of symbolism has full play. His poetry is less poetical than his prose, his sense of rhythm being faulty; and, like most reformers, be their field of action life or literature, he is entirely without humor.

The undue prominence of folk-lore in modern literature is another manifestation of that forced interest in Nature and her works that compels us to read, most unwillingly, books concerning trees, plants and the domestic habits of insects. Lady Gregory, another prominent writer of the Celtic Revival, goes back to primitive times, and takes the old story of Cuchulain for her subject. As long as a legend does not exceed the limits of a short story, it is readable, though not always enjoyable. Expanded into a volume of 350 pages it is a weariness to the flesh, from which no beauty of expression can save it.

Mr. George Russell, who writes over the signature A. E., is another of the group about whom it is hard to become enthusiastic. Some of his poetry is obscure as to its meaning, and very

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little of it is musical, though it has real poetic feeling and a distinct appreciation of the picturesque quality of words.

The verses of Ethna Carbery (Mrs. Seumas Macmanus) are much more melodious than those of the writers previously mentioned, as well as being full of the poetic feeling which is common to them all. The frequent introduction of Irish words mars the enjoyment of the reader, not one in a hundred having the faintest idea as to their sound or sense, a great drawback to the pleasure of reading poetry. Mrs. Macmanus had a keen ear for the music of words, and in her early death Irish poetry suffered a real loss.

The most characteristically Irish of these modern poets is Moira O'Neill, who, in her charming ballads, has all the qualities so long associated with her nationality. Her "Corrymeela" has been pronounced the finest type of the modern Irish lyric, a judgment with which no real lover of poetry will quarrel, for in these six verses are displayed the Irish peasant's appreciation of nature and intense love of home, with a simplicity and pathos that go straight to the heart. Her last volume is called "Songs from the Glens of Antrim," and it is well named, for her poems come like a breath of mountain air, after the slightly labored style and artificial atmosphere of those who call themselves "Symbolists," and of whom one of our own critics says that they "prefer hallucination to fact, the sound of a wind blowing through a rag of tapestry to the human voice."

It is not possible to give in this short article an exhaustive criticism of the many writers who are connected with the Celtic Revival, or even to inquire how many of these ardent patriots live in England. In their efforts to preserve the Gaelic language, they have the sympathy of every one who has witnessed a similar movement among the Provençals, the Poles, and other submerged races. But, to those who have felt the charm of Irish literature, there seems something strangely lacking in the work of these authors, who, with all their ability, their poetic feeling, their enthusiasm, have failed to do that which far less pretentious writers of their race have done—to touch the heart.

MARY K. FORD.

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A PRECEDENT FOR DISARMAMENT.

A Suggestion to the Peace Conference.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

Hidden away in the archives of the Department of State at Washington is a little document which has attracted but small attention; and yet its effect upon the welfare of two nations has been immense, while its purport is altogether unique. It is an "Arrangement" between the United States and Great Britain, bearing date April 28th, 1817, and signed by Richard Rush, acting as Secretary of State on behalf of this country, and Charles Bagot, Envoy Extraordinary of His Britannic Majesty. The entire contents of this document could easily be copied upon a half-sheet of paper, and it reads in substance as follows:

"The naval force to be maintained upon the American Lakes by the Government of the United States and His Majesty shall henceforth be confined to the following vessels on each side, that is:

"On Lake Ontario, to one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen, and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon;

"On the Upper Lakes, to two vessels (of the same burthen and armament);

"On the waters of Lake Champlain to one vessel (of the same burthen and armament);

"All other armed vessels in these Lakes shall be forthwith dismantled, and no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed."

The war of 1812 had made Lake Erie and Lake Champlain the scenes of bloody conflicts. The people living on the shores of those lakes were for the most part connected by blood and traditions, and the war was in character almost a civil war. It was clearly desirable to prevent such conflicts, if possible, in the future; and to some wise and humane statesman the happy idea occurred of removing, or reducing to a minimum, the instruments

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of strife, recognizing the fact, proclaimed by Victor Hugo, that the chief cause of war is to be found in the armaments of nations.

It can hardly be denied that naval men desire naval war. They would not be worth their salt if they did not. When the lawyer actually wishes for the abolition of litigation, when the physician prays honestly for the disappearance of patients from the surface of the earth, when any man longs for the lack of opportunity to practise his chosen profession or trade, then, perhaps, will the professional fighter yearn for peace. But the soldier, *quâ* soldier, ought to wish for war. It is his only *raison d'être*. Apparently appreciating this fact, the men who drafted the agreement of 1817 provided for the removal of that incentive to war which the existence and display of a naval force necessarily involves. Their argument seems to have been that Satan will find some mischief still for idle ships to do, and, in consequence, for nearly a century only four toy gunboats have been kept in commission by either country in these waters.

How fully the result has justified their action! We have had plenty of disagreements with Canada. Time and again the disputes between us have reached the point of acerbity and irritation. It is almost certain that, if we had had our weapons handy, one or other of us would have drawn a bead on the other. But, luckily, our hip pockets were empty, and no damage was done. And consider for a moment how different the aspect of the Great Lakes would be to-day if this Arrangement had not been signed! The mad rivalry of armaments would have been reproduced in miniature in each of them. Manufacturers and contractors would be besieging Congress and Parliament to authorize the construction, now of a floating battery, and now of a battle-ship, and each new vessel on either side would be used as justification for a similar one on the other. To withstand such navies, land defences would be necessary, and garrisons to man them. Every port—Oswego, Buffalo, Cleveland, Duluth, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston,—would require modern forts and ordnance; immense expenditure would be necessary even in times of peace, and the continuance of peace would be rendered precarious. The possibility of such a state of affairs has been removed by the Arrangement of 1817, and it is quite likely that the example of peacefulness which it set along the Lake frontier has had the effect of making more or less trivial the preparations for war on the rest of the boundary-line. Has

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there been anything enervating or unmanly in all this? Not at all. No one doubts for a moment the courage and ability to fight of the men on both sides, but that courage and ability have been released for service in the conquests of nature and industry. Such have been the far-reaching effects of the Arrangement of 1817, which at the time was not thought worthy of the title of "Treaty" and is called simply an "Arrangement." Mr. Monroe was President then, and his name is associated with another declaration of policy; but I am inclined to think that there are possibilities in the Rush-Bagot Arrangement which may well eclipse those of the Monroe Doctrine.

It is a pity that all our acts toward Canada have not been as graceful as our assent to this Arrangement. Visit the towns on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River, look across that easily beferried stream, and think of the artificial obstacle which our tariff has erected along its course. We spend millions to bridge chasms, to tunnel mountain ranges, to bring into nearer communication widely separated points, and then, by a stroke of the pen, we conjure up imaginary impediments to intercourse, which make the worst obstructions of nature seem like child's play. If we could put the Atlantic Ocean next to the St. Lawrence and then on either bank pile up the Alps, the Andes and the Himalayas, it would cost less to bring goods across them from Canada into the United States than it costs to-day to pass the invisible fiscal line. When an American first walks along the great river on Canadian soil and looks over into his native land, and thinks of the vast arbitrary gulf which has been set between them by his own nation, then at last he sees what a slap in the face to our neighbors our protective tariff is, and how we have, so far as in us lies, shut them out in outer economic darkness. Surely, from the lowest standpoint of policy, this is a mistake. Not long ago an acquaintance of mine, an anti-Imperialist and free-trader, was by some peculiar chance invited to address a conservative, Imperialist and somewhat Jingo society in a Canadian city. He presented himself as an ambassador from a minority, expressed his regret that so much of the policy of his country was unfriendly, hoped for a time when the Canadian, without abating a jot of his patriotism, might feel as much at home under the Stars and Stripes as under the Union Jack, and cited the Arrangement of 1817 as a conspicuous instance of neighborliness, and a good example for the rest of the

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world. His remarks were received with enthusiasm, and he was informed afterwards by a Canadian who was present that a confirmed follower of Mr. Chamberlain, who sat next to him, said as they went out, "If they all talked like that, they'd have us in no time!" Friendliness is the best policy.

The second Peace Conference, called by the Tsar, is soon to meet; and its members will wish to have something practical to do. Statesmen and lawyers are afraid of untried paths, and they are always searching for precedents. Why cannot our delegation carry with them this precedent of 1817 which our grandfathers have left to us, and which has worked with such entire success? It is fitting that Mr. Roosevelt, the historian of the Naval War of 1812, should have a hand in applying its best lesson. Even a short step in advance along this line would be a notable departure. Some other sea can be selected for the reduction of armaments. The Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Japan Sea, could be made the scenes of a similar experiment, which is indeed an experiment no longer. In time, the principle could be extended to the Atlantic or the Pacific, and finally to navies as a whole. Nor is there anything to prevent its application to land forces. It may be easier to enforce such an arrangement in the Great Lakes than in more open seas, but the principle is always the same. Canada has natural access for war-vessels from the sea into Lake Ontario and by canal into the other Lakes, but that has not made the Arrangement less fruitful. It is no valid objection to a proposed treaty that it may possibly be broken. If it could not be broken, it would not be worth while to make it. In this whole matter of disarmament, too, we are in a far better situation to take the initiative than any other great Power, for we have no mighty standing army menacing us at our doors. With the precedent of 1817 in their hands, our delegates can with good grace urge an extension of the principle to other international relations, and thus take a leading part in the Conference, and place the world under lasting obligations to them.

ERNEST CROSBY.

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SOME RECENT ESSAYS.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

It would seem to be toward the familiar essay that one should turn, in these days, for that proper study of mankind, the presentation of personality. When all is said and done, one comes back to the old-time saw, that the one perennially interesting theme under the sun is character—man as a personality, a force, an original, independent, creative power, modifying conditions, effecting environment, taking stock of the visible, tangible universe, transforming the facts already to hand, and out of himself creating new facts and more visible world.

There was a time when characterization was the chief preoccupation of the novel. From Sterne and Fielding through the famous Victorian period, stretching far enough to cover the two great living masters of the novel, Hardy and Meredith, the presentation of character, its environment, limitations, growth, and ultimate reactions upon external facts and conditions made the novel; and only of recent date, and certainly of inferior import and quality, is the novel of plot, in which the complex situation and its solutions are the chief interest. It is fair to say that the novel or tale is second rate which we read rather for the story than for its character, where incidents stand out, and the force of personality which lies behind and projects all happenings is lost sight of. Stories are mere illustrations of character, and to read a story for the story's sake is to fall back into that unintelligent stage of existence which prefers pictures to text, which takes in only such rude and general information as may be conveyed by illustrations, and foregoes the subtle and nice distinctions, the full and copious understanding of words. In the end, the transitory existence of the slightly built, episodical modern novel does more than anything else to prove the truth of the saying of our great

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living master, that fiction is valuable only in proportion as it offers us philosophy of life. Philosophy is most easily given by the study of human character. The development of soul, Browning said, was his chief concern, for little else was worth study. The novel being for the moment too slightly and superficially preoccupied with the infantine, final surprises, the essay, standing always after poetry as the chief concern of literature, holds the field as the medium for the portrayal of personality.

The essay, if it is to be taken into account at all, must deal in intellectual analysis, in nice distinctions and carefully weighed appreciations. Its splendid ancestry demands that a man should first, to some degree, discover himself, his real and abiding self, and against this background he should set up for consideration the authors, the subjects, the life, of which he writes. It is far from necessary that, like Montaigne, he should openly and constantly introduce himself, by name, anent each subject he lights upon. The essays of Pater are no less self-revelations than those of Montaigne, for every carefully drawn opinion is a publication of the state of soul, the level of mind from which the thought emerges. For this reason, those essays are of highest value which avoid current topics and changing, momentary, casual conditions. Wherever the heart, by reason of personal implication, governs the head, wherever the heat of debate is kept alive by the friction of immediate contact with a subject, the author runs the risk of presenting his casual and momentary feeling, rather than his ultimate judgments. Current matters and living authors may lead a writer astray with vastly more ease than the established far-removed fact which he views with impartial interest.

It would seem, too, that no man more than the essayist is committed to general studies and broad vistas. It is against the mass of his general knowledge that we must bring an author or a work to judgment. If we know only by comparison, the greater the amount of data against which a man sets a new object, the more apt is he to come at a sense of relative values. So the essayist is, by the nature of his work, partially redeemed from the blight of modern scholasticism, specialization. When the essayist specializes, it is at the cost of breadth. It is not the opinion of a scientific specialist upon a work of literature that tells; still less is it the opinion of the average man-in-the-street, but it is the opinion of a man of all-round parts, of general information and wide

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study. Goethe was an ideal humanist and one of the wisest and most far-seeing of critics. Montaigne, the father of the essay *intime,* was a man of phenomenally wide reading. If we run over the list of successful English essayists, Sir Thomas Browne, Drummond of Hawthornden, whose "Cedar Grove" should undoubtedly admit him to the ranks, Addison, Steele, Johnson, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Arnold, Stevenson, Pater, we find we are dealing with men of wide knowledge and very general reading and appreciation.

To be sure, the main study of the essayist must be the art of combining words, conveying his thoughts with force, precision, elegance and individual charm; but, aside from this, he may have the widest-branching side issues into life, travel, the arts, sciences and metaphysics.

It is difficult to overrate the value of style, however, to the essayist. If the novelist can lean upon structure for his success; if the poet can trust to subject-matter to trim a halting measure; if, to the scholar, learning can replace charm, the essayist cannot away from the necessity for beauty, not only in diction, but in his sentence cadence. I came recently upon a monograph by a well-known American writer upon a subject of deepest interest to me, and yet found myself overwhelmed by dreariness and depression in the reading. That the result was not caused by the subject-matter was evident; and, after some difficulty in analyzing the trouble, I found that for twenty-seven running pages the author had not altered the order of his sentence structure and the periods were practically of uniform length.

We have had three essayists in the past generation, difficult to excel in this matter of fine style: Pater, whose warmth and richness of color it is difficult to find duplicated anywhere in English prose before or since, unless it be in that of Sir Thomas Browne, or Jeremy Taylor; Arnold, with his clarity, his elegance and precision of statement; and Stevenson, that intricate, quaint designer and artificer, taking us ever at unawares with his quips and cranks and turns of fancy, his delightful, vital grace of movement, and his talent for finding new settings to old words.

It is the white-light prose of Newman of which we are faintly reminded by A. C. Benson's style in "Seen from a College Window." "I find myself every year desiring and admiring this kind of lucidity and purity (Newman's) more and more. It seems to

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me that the only function of a writer is to express obscure, difficult and subtle thoughts easily," he writes in "The Upton Letters." What a man desires, that to some degree he attains; as the old maxim runs: "We are as holy as we will to be holy." And so Mr. Benson, who aims in style and matter at the two highest reaches, simplicity and sincerity, has given us in the past year, two books* which tentatively, at least, we put in the shelf with our Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, St. Augustine, Montaigne and Stevenson to return to for counsels of fine living. The form of his two books is that of the personal confession. We get a picture of a gentle, leisurely scholar, surrounded by the best culture of his day, dwelling in one of the three most beautiful cities left in the world, looking out upon life from his vine-draped college windows upon the velvety college courts, and dedicating his chief thoughts to the enlargement of spirit which grows out of sympathy and truth. The subjects dealt with from the college window are the Point of View, Growing Older, Books, Sociabilities, Conversation, Beauty, Art, Authorship, Habits, Religion, etc.—in fact, life, regarded on its different sides and frankly discussed. In Sociabilities, the author writes movingly of solitude and in Authorship of sincerity, that difficult accomplishment of finding out who and what the self is which seems to be the motive-power of our bodies, and what is its relation to others apparently dwelling in like manner in the same world. "If the dullest person in the world would only put down sincerely what he or she thought about his or her life, about work and love, religion and emotion, it would be a fascinating document," he tells us. He himself is constantly trying to break down the barriers and tell us the truth about himself, to look into the minds of other men and to stretch sympathy to that unity of soul which is at the root of so much of the endeavor of this twentieth century. There is a certain amusing anecdote of a well-known American professor of philosophy, who, composing his most erudite book near a window overlooking the street, was constantly distracted by a stone-breaker at work outside. As long as the author worked, forcing words to convey his thought, the stone-breaker continued to let his pick rise and fall upon the larger stones. But the philosopher could not away with a burning desire to know how the stone-breaker was occupying his mind all day.

* "Seen from a College Window." A. C. Benson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906.
"The Upton Letters." A. C. Benson: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906.

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Finally, he went out and offered the conventional preliminaries of acquaintance about the weather, and then asked, "And what do you think of, while you work here all day long?" The stone-breaker stopped his activity, just long enough to raise his head and enunciate the words, "My work." Well, the professor was a true citizen of the twentieth century, for his consciousness included the widest range of abstract speculations and also the stone-breaker in the street and his occupation, while the stone-breaker was a mere survival of some dark age when the soul looked out no further than the stone it was breaking its outer shell upon. So Mr. Benson is of this new century, as large as himself and all his friends and his critics, as wide as all his knowledge and his sympathy. "I have myself," he says, "an intense curiosity about other people's point of view, what they do when they are alone, and what they think about." He frankly offers us his creed:

"I have grown to believe that the one thing worth aiming at is simplicity of heart and life; that one's relations with others should be direct and not diplomatic; that power leaves a bad taste in the mouth; that meanness, and hardness, and coldness are unforgivable sins; that conventionality is the mother of all dreariness; that pleasure exists, not in virtue of material conditions, but in a joyful heart; that the world is a very interesting and beautiful place; that congenial labor is the secret of happiness; and many other things which seem, as I write them down, to be dull and trite commonplaces, but are for me the bright jewels which I have found beside the way."

This is a clear and truthful offering of a personality, a point of view, and who loves the atmosphere will add this writer to his riches, will put the book near at hand to recur to it, as he would to an adjacent park, when his mind is weary or his spirit too frail to raise its own curtains of hope and courage and look out into a sunshiny infinite.

He tells us further:

"As I make my slow pilgrimage through the world a certain sense of beautiful mystery seems to gather and grow. I see that many people find the world dreary—and indeed there must be spaces of dreariness for us all; some find it interesting; some surprising; some find it entirely satisfactory. . . . I do not know why so much that is hard and painful and sad is interwoven with our life here; but I see, or seem to see, that it is meant to be so interwoven. All the best and most beautiful flowers of character and thought seem to me to spring up in the track of suffering; what is most sorrowful of all mysteries, the mystery of death, the ceasing to be, the relinquishing of our hopes and

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dreams, the breaking of our dearest ties, becomes more solemn and awe-inspiring the nearer we advance to it. . . . The only happiness worth seeking is a happiness which takes all these dark things into account, looks them in the face, reads the secret of their dim eye and set lips, dwells with them, and learns to be quiet in their presence."

And with one last quotation and word of humble gratitude we must turn from this author, who is doing the fairest service that can be offered to man, teaching him to recognize and to multiply his best moments, to realize that the gratification of desire bears no relation to true happiness, and that there is nothing in the whole universe to be afraid of but selfishness:

"I believe there is in life a great and guarded city, of which we may be worthy to be citizens. We may, if we are blest, be always of the happy number, by some kindly gift of God; but we may also, through misadventure and pain, through errors and blunders, learn the way thither. And sometimes we discover the city afar off, with her radiant spires and towers, her walls of strength, her gates of pearl; and there may come a day, too, when we have found the way thither and entered in; happy if we go no more out, but happy, too, even if we may not rest there, because we know that, however far we wander, there is always a hearth for us and welcoming smiles. I speak in a parable, but those who are finding the way will understand me, however dimly; and those who have found the way, and seen a little of the glory of the place, will smile at the page and say: 'So he too is of the city.'

"The city is known by many names and wears different aspects to different hearts. But one thing is certain—that no one who has ever entered there is in any doubt again. He may wander far from the walls, he may visit it but rarely; but it stands there in peace and glory, the one true and real thing for him in mortal time and in whatever lies beyond."

This description of the mystic city, so easily recognized by those who have even had glimpses of it from afar, brings us to a very different book by a very different writer,* who closes his volume of essays on somewhat the same note:

"I cannot doubt that there are some in the world to-day who look back over the long past and watch the toiling of the human race towards peace, as the traveller in the Alps may, with a telescope, follow the mountain-climbers in their slow ascent through the snows of Mont Blanc; or, again, they watch our labors and painstaking in the valley of the senses, and wonder at our grotesque industry; or look upon the striving of men to build up a city for the soul amid the uncertainties of this life, as men look at the play of children who build

* "Shelburne Essays." Paul Elmer More: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905.

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castles and domes in the sands of the seashore and cry out when the waves have washed all their hopes away. I think there are some such men in the world to-day, who are absorbed in the fellowship of the wise men of the East and of the no less wise Plato, with whom they would retort upon the accusing advocates of the present, 'Do you think that a spirit full of lofty thoughts and privileged to contemplate all time and all existence can possibly attach any great importance to this life?' They live in the world of action, but are not of it. They pass each other at rare intervals on the thoroughfares of life and know each other by a secret sign, and smile to each other and go on their way comforted and in better hope."

So Mr. Paul Elmer More, too, is in the open secret; and, having quoted this final passage from the third series of his Shelburne Essays, I have given the most moving and most eloquent part of the volume. This is a book of literary criticism, and of his general literary doctrine it is difficult to do more than gather together the fragments which seem to make up the body or general attitude, and then to comment:

> "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell,
> But this I know and know full well. . . ."

Mr. More comes to us with the very highest recommendations of the press, and with the authority of a most distinguished position in American letters. We have been told that there is no one now writing who gives evidence of a better critical equipment than Mr. More; that he has width of view, an intimate acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world (and a very wide knowledge that is too!), that he has formed for himself a sound literary canon and a sane philosophy of life, and that he is aware of his best predecessors and is apparently on the way to a set of philosophic principles which should lead him to a high and perhaps influential place in criticism. Having thus first absorbed such phrases as would have been adequate for a Hazlitt or an Arnold,—but who would praise the dead in such unmeasured terms!—it was distinctly a blow to cull the following opinions from the third series of essays:

"For my part, when it comes to a breach between the poetical and the prosaic, I take my place submissively with the latter. There is, at least, a humble safety in retaining one's pleasure in certain things of import with the vulgarest English mind; and, if it were obligatory to choose between them, I would surrender the wind-swept rhapsodies of Swinburne for the homely conversation of Whittier."

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This is a winning point of view to the general, and there is no doubt that just such statements draw the unlettered to Mr. More, for the saying of that ancient Hebrew poet, that "where there is no vision the people perish," has ever been highly unpopular. It is true that all the English poets lapse from time to time, that Keats wrote that execrable stanza which begins:

> "Oh, come, Georgiana, the rose is full blown,
> The riches of Flora are lavishly strown,"

that Tennyson published,

> "O little room, my heart's delight,"

and that Wordsworth rhymed,

> "At this the boy hung down his head
> And blushed, nor made reply,
> And five times to the child I said,
> 'Why, Edward, tell me why?'"

But there is a gulf as deep and as wide as the Atlantic between the triteness of these and the vulgarity of Whittier's lines suggested by "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"

> "Dry the tears for holy Eva,
> With the blessed angels leave her."

Who admits such lines as these and does not recognize the standing of the poet who wrote:

> "Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
> The just fate gives,
> Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down
> He, dying, so lives;
>
> "Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,
> And puts it by,
> It is well with him suffering though he face man's fate:
> How should he die?
>
> "Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
> Upon his head,
> He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
> And is not dead—"

has himself taken his measure as a critic of poetry and annulled his influence with the reader more effectually than any one else could do it for him.

The same essay contains further matter, with which, if one

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does not agree with it, one disagrees so vehemently as to feel discussion beyond the pale. For example when Mr. More says:

"Byron had written verse as vacillating and formless as any of Whittier's; Shelley had poured forth page after page of effusive vaporings; Keats learned the lesson of self-restraint almost too late; Wordsworth indulged in platitudes almost as simpering as 'holy Eva.'"

We are told that Christina Rossetti had "no guiding and restraining artistic impulse," that Mrs. Browning's sonnet:

"When our two souls stand up erect and strong,"

"would fit perfectly well into Dante Gabriel Rossetti's 'House of Life,' and that it is distinguished from the sonnets of that wholly unrelated author by a certain falsetto in the tone"; that "Thackeray's women are more womanly than George Eliot's," that the secret of Browning's fame "is just this, that he dresses a worldly and easy philosophy in the forms of spiritual faith, and so deceives the troubled seekers after a higher life."

All these comments are noticeable because they vary so widely from all received canons of faith; and we cannot but feel that Mr. More has drawn attention to his criticism by means of a mental quality which resembles in the physical world the shrillness of the American voice. Again such a sentence as "The passion of Mrs. Browning, her attempt to *control* her inspiration *to* the demands of a shaping intellect," does not inspire confidence in the writer's fastidiousness. One does not control *to* something else, and a very obvious and slight inversion would have given the sentence precision; it would have been very easy for Mrs. Browning to shape her inspiration to the demands of a controlling intellect. There is one point, however, which we commend with enthusiasm in Mr. More's essays, and that is their length. They are long, and they give evidence of mental concentration, a definite self-reliance and independence of judgment in a day when criticism is ever apt to rely upon witticism, and brevity to verge upon levity. There is none of the light-handed and careless method of Mr. Chesterton, for example, whose whole literary stock in trade is to say vehemently that things are not as they seem, and to whom it is sufficient for anything to be accepted as a fact to write a whole essay to prove that the truth is only come at by turning things upside down. Probably, the finest criticism is the outgrowth of admiration, reverence and interest, those frames of mind which put self-interest to sleep, so that the critic, instead

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of giving us himself and his opinions, gives us new reasons for deeper insight and fuller appreciation. It is, then, a misfortune that the third series of the Shelburne Essays should have lingered over the nineteenth century, the century preeminently of romantic idealism with which Mr. More has such imperfect sympathies.

If there is something rather thin and arid, something of the clear sweeps of the thought-emptied air of the West, about Mr. More's essays, it is pleasant to turn to the informal talks of A. T. Quiller-Couch,* for the wind that blows in at his Cornish window is heavy and redolent with memories and associations, and once more we are led along the paths of leisurely scholarship; we feel the very atmosphere fraught with the thoughts and pulses of the hearts now dust, adding to the mere personal dream of life the fulness of the past and the sense of the continuity of life and thought. "Suffer no chasm to interrupt this tradition, . . . Continuous life . . . that is what we want," he quotes his friend Thomas Edward Brown as saying to the schoolboys; and once again, of a long-lived church, "I postulate its continuity." It is just this continuity of literary interest that gives warmth and color to the Cornish Window Essays. They are informal talks labelled with the months of the year, and the writer ranges over all sorts of topics, poetry, philosophy of life and boating, where he is at his very best, and politics and athletics and antiquarianism where he is distinctly less interesting.

The criticism of our day has run to psychological analysis and detail. We go so far as to reconstruct the whole man, the relative keenness of his senses, his temperament, his habits, his physical abilities and defects from his works. The Rev. Mr. Beeching, however, has edited in Canon Ainger's "Lectures and Essays,"† a writer who belonged to an earlier and a larger tradition. Canon Ainger's volumes contain interesting and appreciative talk upon Shakespeare, Lamb, Swift, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Coleridge, Tennyson, and various lighter current topics. Mr. Beeching sums up the main point in the essays when he says in his introduction:

"With all his sensitiveness to beauty of form and expression, Ainger's interest in literature was in the main ethical. He was the product of a time when our English poets and imaginative writers were largely

* "Seen from a Cornish Window." A. T. Quiller-Couch: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

† "Lectures and Essays." 2 vols. Alfred Ainger: The Macmillan Co., 1905.

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concerned with ideas, and when critics were largely occupied in discussing the ideas of their authors.

"It was Ainger's idea that criticism was not to coruscate but to analyze: to get down to the truth about any matter, not to say brilliant things for the amusement of his audience."

In the matter of adding beauty by intimate knowledge of sources and origins, one can be especially grateful for the essay on Coleridge's "Ode to Dejection" and all the essays concerned with Shakespeare and his Art.

We have learned to expect a very well-defined attitude of mind and canon of taste from Mr. Arthur Symons;* he has stood for the survival of that blossom of æstheticism which had its golden hour in the early eighties, when Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti were living, when Ruskin was lecturing to working-men, when Burne-Jones was painting and Oscar Wilde posing, and the new æsthetic impulse was still in full force. About that time, too, Nichols, Mackail and Beeching published that exquisite little volume of young Oxford verse, "Love in Idleness," and Symons, somewhat belated, has clung to the old tradition and distilled many of its virtues and its vices, and absorbed them into his writing. So in the volume of "Studies in Prose and Verse," we find the subjects we should naturally have looked for, Merimée, Gautier, De Quincey, Hawthorne, Pater, Morris, de Maupassant, Oscar Wilde, d'Annunzio, Robert Bridges, Ernest Dowson, etc. There is always danger in trying to sum up a man's attitude towards life in a sentence or paragraph. Even the famous conclusion to Pater's "Renaissance," the wonderfully eloquent appeal to multiply our moments of keenest consciousness, would hardly convey his whole philosophy, but in part, at any rate, Mr. Symons's outlook may be given in the last sentence of his conclusion:

"A man who goes through a day without some fine emotion has wasted his day, whatever he has gained in it. . . . The making of one's life into an art is, after all, the first duty and privilege of every man. It is to escape from material reality into whatever form of ecstasy is our form of spiritual existence. There is the choice; and our happiness, our success in life, will depend on our choosing rightly, each for himself, among the forms in which that choice will come to us."

The essay on d'Annunzio is one of the most penetrating in the book, and avoids the faults of most of his critics, since it is

* "Studies in Prose and Verse." Arthur Symons: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

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neither a panegyric nor a wholesale denunciation. The Latin temperament, its preoccupation with mere personal emotion, its utter lack of social consciousness, its passive habit of living in the enjoyment of the perceptions, and, above all, the narrow circle of self in which it turns and turns, its hunger for material beauty and animal sensation, he analyzes with both sympathy and suspicion, ending on the questioning note of Mallarme: "*La chair est triste, hélas, et j'ai lu tous les livres.*"

Less sympathetic than one would have expected are the essays on Hawthorne, Stevenson and de Maupassant; with all their brilliancy the essays are too lacking in substance and body to last.

A volume that misses all the points to be scored by the literary essay is "Personal Forces in Modern Literature."* It is a volume in which the index page is, by all odds, the most interesting and best executed. The plan for studying the influences of such men as Cardinal Newman and James Martineau upon the moral thought of the age, of Huxley upon the scientific thought, of Wordsworth and Rossetti upon poetry, of Dickens upon the novel, of Hazlitt and De Quincey upon ranging and vagrant thought, is eminently satisfactory; but, alas! the author has stopped short at the scheme. He reaches no conclusions, and he sins hopelessly in the matter of diction, paragraphing and grammar. There are sentences without verbs, and pronouns hopelessly wandering without antecedents. The poetical essays are interesting by reason of the parallel readings industriously gathered together. This is a field vast enough for many students to till. "Personal Forces" would seem to be a book without a background of personality projecting it; it fails, not only because it is hastily and carelessly executed, but because the author had not an assured and definite enough point of view from which to write.

After all, what a man sees in the world and in books is what he is; and we look to the essay for the presentation of his personality. A man's actions and occupations are often foisted upon him by external circumstances; but when he writes an essay, he offers us his hours of natural preference and secret delight, and so we turn to the essay always for pleasure, for personal intercourse and for edification.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

* "Personal Forces in Modern Literature." Arthur Rickett: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, W. D. HOWELLS, FREDERICK TREVOR HILL AND JOHN H. FINLEY.

SWINBURNE'S LYRICAL POEMS.*

MR. SWINBURNE'S lofty place among English poets, for those who really know and care about such matters as great poetry, has, of course, been taken for granted for almost as many years as some of us care to acknowledge. The "Poems and Ballads," of which the present Selected Lyrical Poems is a straight reprint, with a few additions from later volumes, was published in 1865, and Mr. Swinburne has been a classic ever since. He has not, of course, been popular in the common sense,—though some of his contagious rhythms have caught what one might call the large ear of the public through the medium of coarser lyres. But, with all due respect to the *vox populi*, the great heart of the non-reading public, and so forth, no honest lover of literature has ever supposed that a poet's greatness goes by plebiscite. No great poet is read by the people. He is imposed upon them by superstition, or filters down in a few proverbial catch-words, or, now and again, as in the case of Tennyson, he is able to write down to their level of thought and sentiment. This, of course, applies chiefly to that Anglo-Saxon race which, paradoxically, has produced such great poetry, and read so little of it. Other races are not so unconscious of their great poets, but even recognize, and doff the hat to, them in the streets; as one can witness to this day in Christiania, or Berlin or Paris. Yet I wonder how often Mr. Swinburne has been recognized, as, all these years past, he has taken his morning walk up Putney Hill to Wimbledon Common. No doubt, he himself is more than thankful that he can go abroad without some poetical passer-by chanting *sotto voce* some chorus

* "The Lyrical Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Selected." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1906.

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of "Atalanta in Calydon"; and yet, now and again, such an accident might come as a grateful surprise to one more great poet born to the inclement immortality of England.

So far as Mr. Swinburne is known at all to that vast public which never reads anything, but is curiously supposed to preside over the fame of writers, he stands with them, grotesquely caricatured, as the poet of lust and alliteration. Even readers who should know better are not seldom to be met, particularly on this side of the Atlantic, who also share so gross a misconception of perhaps the greatest lyric poet in the English tongue. Because, indeed, in his youth, particularly in the first series of "Poems and Ballads" now reprinted, Mr. Swinburne sang the "*Laus Veneris*"—though in a manner entirely misinterpreted by the small libidinousness of his critics; and because, at times, his unequalled gift of verbal music has run riot in leaping cataracts of meaningless sonority—as every great artist has always thus illustrated the defect of his own special quality; an opinion has long been abroad that Mr. Swinburne's only theme is "the kisses that burn and bite," and that, generally speaking, his poetry is a thing of "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

What a preposterous travesty of Mr. Swinburne's real achievement such a rumor is no one who has read him need be told. Robert Buchanan, himself an ineffectual bombastic imitator of the very school he arraigned, started the "fleshly" misconception of Mr. Swinburne's work, in his famous pamphlet entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry," the main object of his vulgar attack being the noble love-sonnets of Rossetti. That is an old story now. Buchanan is dead, and his works have followed him. His name is no longer on the lips of men. But the names he so basely maligned ascend each year more surely into the serene ether of the fixed stars of song.

Mr. Swinburne has indeed sung nobly, as perhaps has never been sung in English, the glory and grandeur of the passion of love, as in certain unmatched passages of "Tristram of Lyonesse"—perhaps the greatest love-poem in the English language; but he has always sung its superb elementalism, passion purified by the very whiteness of its own fire; and it is only those "small and sickly eyes that glare and gloat" who have read into his cosmic ardors their own puny licentiousness. Even in such poems as "Dolores," "*Laus Veneris*," and "Faustine," those poems which

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will usually be quoted in support of the "fleshly" charge against his work, who that reads them with a grown-up mind, and not as schoolboys read the Bible, but must realize that, far from their being a glorification of the pride of the eye and the lusts of the flesh, they are the tragic music to the dust and ashes of that Desire which impiously assumes the name of Love — an inspired prophecy against the diabolism of the beauty of woman.

But it really makes one angry that a poet of such wide range of material, and of so various an achievement in art, should be so vulgarly misapprehended. You might as fairly pronounce your absurd judgment on Shakespeare from a reading of "Pericles" or "Venus and Adonis." For those who really know Mr. Swinburne's poetry, those exuberant and brilliant young things of his making which I have named are marvellous and memorable indeed, but they are comparatively forgotten in the solemn death-music of "The Garden of Proserpine":

> "Pale, beyond porch and portal,
> Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
> Who gathers all things mortal
> With cold immortal hands;"

in the choruses of "Atalanta in Calydon," in the glorious sea-surges of "Tristram of Lyonesse"—for no one has ever sung the sea, and the gusto of the swimmer, as Mr. Swinburne; as in that night of storm when Iseult at Tintagel interpreted the Cornish seas in terms of her tragic heart,

> "And all her soul was as the breaking sea
> And all her heart anhungered as the wind;"

or that morning when Tristram stood by the shores of Brittany and cried:

> "O strong sun! O sea!
> I bid not you, divine things! comfort me,
> I stand not up to match you in your sight—
> Who hath said ye have mercy toward us, ye who have might?"

And, again, who except Shelley has sung so nobly of Liberty as Mr. Swinburne in "Songs before Sunrise"; or who has sung so tenderly of children as the poet of "The Century of Roundels"? There is room in even necessarily so exiguous an appreciation of Mr. Swinburne, for one of these roundels, brief and delicate as a butterfly: this on a baby's feet, "*étude réaliste*"—

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"A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

"Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat,
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

"No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet."

And yet, when a man has written such things as this, the ignorant populace, that has ever been undeserving of the windfalls of the gods, dares to speak, not only without knowledge, but even with absurd condemnation of so pure and so radiant a gift of song. There is nothing the world cares for so much as poetry,—and there is nothing for which it is so ungrateful.

Particularly difficult for the world to understand is that sheer music of words which seems to say nothing, and yet says all—music such as the music of Coleridge in "Kubla Khan," music such as Poe's; and, of all poets, Mr. Swinburne illustrates that vanishing-point where words turn, so to say, into birds; where the concreteness of language is resolved into dew and the morning sky. For sheer rapture and radiance of lyrical passion he stands alone in English poetry. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"KIPPS: THE STORY OF A SIMPLE SOUL."*

THE mind of Mr. Wells is so manifold, and his work in such very widely different sorts, that it is not easy to know where to have him at his best; where to have him at his worst is no part of the inquiry which my pleasure in his latest fiction has disposed me to make very friendly. In fact, nearly everything of Mr. Wells's which I have read disposes me to a friendly inquiry. His fantastic romances have all an air of good faith; the illusion is so artfully respected that you are glad to be in it; the people are so much like your every-day acquaintance that you feel the impossibilities in which they figure to be entirely probable; if things did not happen as he says, that seems to be a fault in the

* "Kipps: the Story of a Simple Soul." By H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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frame of things, and no mistake on his part. His vaticinations as to our social future are so wisely as well as justly hopeful (I am speaking humanly, not Americanly, for he has his doubts, apparently, of the American future) that they win the heart while they convince the reason; and, when he drops his plummet into the abysm of the unknown, and draws it up to find some proof of the practicability of forecasting the future on the lead, you look affectionately over his shoulder, eager to believe that he has got it. When it comes to his forays in the realm of realism, you are, if possible, still more cordially with him.

There are few novels of the last three or four years, which have so abandonedly abounded in novels, half or one-tenth as good as "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and I will frankly own that "Kipps" is not so good, though I found it, too, better than the multitudinous wash of recent fiction. Like the elder and the better novel, it deals with the simpler life, curiously streaked with the æsthetic life, which would like to be simple if it knew how. But, whereas Lewisham was eager to get on, educationally, and was glad to be rid, but not ignobly glad to be rid, of the past in the form of his first love, Kipps quite as gladly reverts to his earliest days, even to the days before he became a dry-goods clerk, and turns with relief from the æsthetically and socially ambitious girl (she is never more than a polite Bohemian) whom he has unexpectedly won, to marry the little maid whom he loved when a boy, and finds that he still loves when she has grown up a little serving-maid. A good deal more of a plot than I like is needed to bring this about, or rather employed to bring it about. Kipps has to inherit a fortune from his grandfather, who had ignored him till the author's necessity, real or fancied, constrained him to leave Kipps his money; and the knowledge of his good luck has to come to Kipps by one of the most surprising chances, such a chance as art should be charier of than life is. Then he has to make friends on the borders of that great world which he ultimately finds he is not fit for, and these have to bring him in relations with the young lady whom he had idolized afar, but who, when she comes to idolize him, wishes to form him over in the image of that world, so much as she herself knows it, and to orient him anew in regard to his aspirates, and so wearies and wounds him with her instruction that his heart turns from her. It is very prettily imagined that she gets more in love with Kipps

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as he gets more out of love with her, and the whole situation is very humorously conceived. The courage with which Mr. Wells lets his hero be himself is most uncommon; less daring would not have been equal to turning him aside from the social longings which come to Kipps with his fine clothes and his limitless money. At times the humor mounts till, in the chapter of the Anagram Tea, it reaches its highest; but it is never unkindly, and it touches pathos in the passage of Kipps's ineffectual stay in a great London hotel with all its incidents of mortifying failure in the endeavor to be a man even of the hotel world.

What is very admirable in the author is that he knows how to hold his hand, except at one supreme moment, where I foresee that I am going to lose my patience with him, when I come to it. He does not satirize the girl who has too interestedly accepted the simple soul, and he does not satirize her mother or her brother, or her family friend, the courtly Coote; he lets them satirize themselves; and, upon the whole, though he does conceal the girl's interestedness, he lets you feel a little sorry for her when Kipps quite ruthlessly, but not malevolently, jilts her. Some more plot comes in, I am sorry to say, when it is desirable to confront Kipps and his earliest love with themselves, and with the fact that they are not equal to their sudden riches. The brother of the jilted girl has to lose Kipps's money in a speculation, and they have to come down to very small things, and work slowly up from the fear, for there is never quite the danger, of poverty. They are entirely equal to that; but, in behalf of the weak-minded reader who wants his endings very good indeed, and his butter in a lordly dish, more plot is used to bring the Kippses back to a reasoned and prudent affluence. A rather improbable young playwright has induced Kipps to buy a share in the play which he cannot get produced, and then can, and begins to earn untold gold with it, and faithfully pays over to Kipps his princely share. But he is a very amusing playwright, if not a very probable one, and it is not he whom I am to find fault with in the inquiry which I promised, or expected, to make so wholly friendly.

It is the author whom I am to find fault with, and yet not the author either so much as that bad English school of fictional art, whose teachings he ought to have forgotten. When it comes to the lowest period of the Kippses' spiritual squalor, when their sufferings are too much for their principles, and the author con-

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ceives that you are perhaps thinking he is not aware how much they are suffering, but is hard-heartedly having fun with their misery, he comes forward and openly tells you that he is not, but is really and truly sorry for them. No greater break was ever made by Thackeray, of whom Mr. Wells must have learned the bad business of coming forward in person, and talking directly to the reader. It is the greater pity, because the art of the book though at some times less than fine, at others is for the most part so very good, and needed so very little this piece of extraordinary self-sacrifice on the part of the artist.

W. D. HOWELLS.

"WALTER REED AND YELLOW FEVER."*

PEACE is said to have victories no less renowned than war, but it is certain that the victors in the war against disease have not received the recognition accorded to military geniuses. It is extremely doubtful if the average well-read man could, if challenged, name the scientists who gave to suffering humanity the boon of anæsthetics. Comparatively few know who discovered the means of combating smallpox. Not many could unhesitatingly tell whose researches revealed the antitoxin which reduced the diphtheria death-rate from over fifty to less than six per cent., and not every one could instantly name the conqueror of hydrophobia, or even the discoverers of radium. It would, however, be insulting to challenge any educated company to name the victorious captains at Waterloo, Sedan, Gettysburg, Manila, Port Arthur or any of a dozen other bloody battle-fields. The reasons for this are not far to seek. Men of science are less in the public eye than military leaders, and they usually care but little for popular acclaim. Moreover, their battles against death, fought in hospitals and laboratories, lack the spectacular element which appeals to the imagination, and the forces with and against which they are struggling are not generally understood.

Occasionally, however, the work of a scientist is attended by incidents as moving and dramatic as any recorded in military history, and of this character was Dr. Walter Reed's campaign against yellow fever, resulting in an epoch-marking victory for

* "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever." By H. A. Kelly. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

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medical science, and in the practical elimination of a supposedly unconquerable foe to mankind.

Starting with the unproved theory of Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, that yellow fever was conveyed by some sort of mosquito, and aided by certain valuable observations of Dr. H. R. Carter, of the Marine Hospital, Dr. Reed proceeded to make an exhaustive study of the subject. He was at that time a United States Army surgeon with the rank of Major; and when, in 1900, he was appointed head of a Commission sent to Cuba to study the infectious diseases of that island, he was peculiarly well equipped for his task. With him were associated James Carroll, Jesse Lazear and A. Agramonte, all assistant-surgeons in the army, and after careful preliminary researches Reed determined to put his conclusions to a test. Obtaining the necessary authority from Governor Leonard Wood, the four physicians selected the site for a camp and erected two buildings—one as sanitarily perfect as possible, the other deficient in light and air, and both completely screened with wire netting. The first of these buildings was designed for subjects who would permit themselves to be bitten by a variety of mosquito known as *stegomyia fasciata* which had previously been fed upon the blood of yellow-fever patients; and the other was to be occupied by persons who were to don the clothing of yellow-fever victims, sleep on infected beds with stained and filthy blankets and linen, and otherwise expose themselves to contagion from such sources. Before the arrangements were completed, Dr. Carroll permitted himself to be bitten by an infected mosquito and suffered a severe attack of the fever, and Dr. Lazear, being accidentally bitten, died of the disease.

Volunteers from the army were then called upon, and the first to respond were privates John Kissinger and John Moran, both of Ohio. Reed carefully explained to them the risk they were assuming, and informed them that, should they submit to the experiment, special funds had been provided for their compensation. Both refused any pecuniary reward and declared themselves ready for the ordeal. Such an exhibition of moral courage was beyond the experience of the physician. Drawing himself up, he saluted the intrepid soldiers, who immediately entered the mosquito-infested house, were bitten and contracted the disease. Not less courageous were Dr. Cooke and privates Folk and Jernigan, who entered the infected - clothing

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house, unpacked tightly closed boxes containing soiled sheets, pillow-cases and blankets, which they handled and shook thoroughly to disseminate the germs of yellow fever if those articles contained them, and then lived in that vile atmosphere, with loathsome surroundings, for twenty days. Not one of these heroes, however, contracted the fever; and these and subsequent experiments demonstrated that the spread of the disease is effected solely by the bite of *stegomyia* mosquitoes which have fed upon yellow-fever patients' blood.

Through this discovery, Havana—a former pest-hole—has been practically freed of the plague, several incipient epidemics and one serious outbreak in the United States have been stamped out, and it is not probable that the country will ever witness another similar scourge.

What this means can be best appreciated by an examination of Professor Kelly's interesting volume, "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever."

Designed primarily as a tribute to his former co-worker in Johns Hopkins University, the author has produced something far more valuable than a mere appreciation of the scientist whose death was hastened by his labors in perfecting what is, probably, the most important medical discovery of the age. With admirable simplicity and clearness he has told the story of the long and futile war against the most dreaded of diseases, its fearful ravages in the South, the bravery, cowardice, selfishness and unselfishness it has disclosed, and its final conquest at the hands of the American army surgeon whose name should be a household word. Without the slightest pretence at literary style, the writer has handled his subject with a keen appreciation of the dramatic value of facts, a dignified reserve and a touch of authority which holds and convinces.

The book is distinctly a contribution to history; but it embodies a story in which every American may take pride and with which all should be familiar, for it demonstrates that there are unselfish men and women working in this country for the common good without thought of private gain, and that the best results are being accomplished by efforts of this character—facts which are sorely needed for our instruction and encouragement in this day and generation.

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL.

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"THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS."*

THE first volume embraces the lives of four Chancellors: Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham and Truro. But of the nearly five hundred pages only seventy-five are given to Cottenham and Truro, and as the Chancellorship of Brougham ended before the accession of Queen Victoria, while but one brief Chancellorship of Lord Lyndhurst's three lies in her reign, the major part of the content of this volume would seem at first, as the author frankly observes, to be "a fraud upon the title." The title is justified, however, even in this volume, by the fact that both Lyndhurst and Brougham, though born in the seventies of the eighteenth century, were late in the fifties and early in the sixties of the next century still active and conspicuous in public life. Bagehot, in an article on Lyndhurst written in 1863, refers to a remark which the latter made in the House of Lords three years earlier, that "he could well remember the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1789," and he himself adds that perhaps Lyndhurst was the only conspicuous man in Europe, certainly in England, at that time who could say this. It will help the American reader to realize the length of the lives of these two Chancellors if they are measured by events in our own political calendar. Lord Lyndhurst was born three years before the Battle of Lexington (in "the province of Massachusetts," his mother's father being the consignee of the famous tea-chests which were emptied into Boston Harbor), and he was speaking in Parliament with no sign of mental failure after the outbreak of our Civil War. Lord Brougham, born two years after our Declaration of Independence, successfully fought the execrated Orders in Council (but too late to avert the War of 1812), and was still making addresses and writing books years after President Roosevelt was born. Yet, near as they and their distinguished associates are to our own day, I venture to say that not one person in thousands of the younger generation living in the land of Lord Lyndhurst's birth has the slightest knowledge of his ever having lived, that Lord Brougham has scarcely a larger constituency of acquaintance, and that the other two distinguished occupants of the Woolsack are less widely known than many a police magistrate of to-day.

* "The Victorian Chancellors." By J. B. Atlay. In two volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1906.

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Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors" ends with that of Lord Eldon, but a posthumous volume includes both Lyndhurst and Brougham. This work takes up the story where Lord Campbell stopped (that is, with Lord Eldon), but makes no pretence to being a continuation of his classical series. Mr. Atlay finds reason for including the Lives of the two Chancellors just named (which Lord Campbell "professed to write") in the injustice that has been done the memory of the one, and in the new material that has been available concerning the other. The result is not a clear, strong characterization, but a rather hazy composite, in which, however, the benign and beneficent qualities and services come out rather more strongly. I can but think, having just been hearing an eminent British scientist tell of the experiment out of which have come all the coal-tar products and derivatives, that Mr. Atlay has gotten, so far, only the colorless precipitate, out of whose further treatment the distinct and permanent colors may yet be produced. There is in Mr. Atlay's volume no definite fixing of these characters in the spectrum of history. Perhaps this ought not to be expected, but the general reader is hardly competent to do this for himself. And the scholar in this field will not be much helped by this incomplete assembling of data already accessible to him.

But, though the general reader will not be able to carry away from a hundred or more pages of Mr. Atlay's Life of Lord Lyndhurst, for example, as clear an impression of the Chief Baron, as he might get from Mr. Bagehot's eight paragraphs on "What Lord Lyndhurst really Was," nor to feel the exuberance of Lord Brougham's prolific and unquiet genius, as he is made to realize it in twenty pages of Bagehot, he will in the intimate detail of these Lives, in the varying views of those whom they touched and in the dramatic settings and clashings, as gathered and presented by Mr. Atlay, come to lose some of his awe of the Woolsack, perhaps some of his respect for it, to care more for the men whose identity has been concealed beneath the wig and robe of office, to know their frailties as well as their powers, and to think more charitably of lesser men under the temptations of office.

These Lives are in the nature of *Nisi Prius* cases. The Barrister has turned Judge and is sitting in circuit. In his summation and charge, he has rehearsed the testimony as to the facts of these Lives, but he has left the jury largely to its own opinions as to

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their justification. The whole interest of the non-professional reader in the Life of Lyndhurst is centred in the question as to whether Serjeant-at-Law Copley (who later became Lord Lyndhurst) was guilty, not of political profligacy and apostasy, but of selfish, immoral tergiversation. To this general non-professional reader the achievement of the Master of the Rolls in introducing Chancery reforms (though the general reader's memory of Charles Dickens has impressed him, beyond effacement, with the misery, desolation and woe for which the administration of equity was then responsible) or the learning which enabled the aged Lyndhurst to "discuss Shakespeare with Sir Henry Holland and Homer with Gladstone," is of little consequence and interest in comparison with the question of the integrity and honor of the man. The barrister-judge, after quoting the acrid criticism of Miss Martineau and the charge of Bagehot (that Copley, in accepting office and prospect of preferment at the hands of the Tories, when his expressed sentiments had before been hostile, instead of acting contrary to his principles, had no principles and "did not care to have opinions"), leaves the whole matter to the jury, with the comment that the "real gravamen of the charge against Copley lies in the allegation of treating politics as a mere game in which he played exclusively for his own hand," quoting Copley himself in support of this opinion, and adding, as if in extenuation, that "to this reproach lawyer-politicians must be exposed so long as the great prizes of the profession are reached by the avenue of Parliament." Greville in his Journal speaks of Copley, though this testimony is not cited by Mr. Atlay, as "scarcely an English gentleman (for his father was an American painter), a lawyer of fortune, in the sense in which we say a soldier of fortune, without any fixed principles and only conspicuous for his extraordinary capacity." And Bagehot, though he characterizes him as a "great man," adds that he was "great in power, but not great in the use of power, a politician, not a statesman, a man of small principles and few scruples, . . . who played the game of life for low and selfish objects, and yet, by the intellectual power with which he played, redeemed that game from its intrinsic degradation." But Mr. Atlay lets the "noble Lord" go back into private life, after laying down the Seals for the third and last time, taking with him "the affection and esteem of his colleagues without a single exception," and as going from life

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itself in his ninety-second year "happy, . . . supremely happy." This testimony of his peers and this death-bed utterance can but favorably dispose the jury of a generation which needs not to be appealed to for leniency in its demands of a brilliant public servant.

Mr. Atlay's "Brougham" is an appealing personality with all his faults, and they are not concealed by the Barrister out of respect, fear or awe. The ambitions of Henry Peter Brougham carried a multitude with him, and so his "return for Yorkshire" was an "unsullied success" free from the color of self-seeking, and his preferment to the Woolsack a "necessity." Moreover, he had ample punishment in his own lifetime for his sins of omission and commission, personal and political. He passed the zenith of his fame and power when he was but half-way in his active public career; and more than thirty years later, at one of his last public appearances, he was referred to by the "budding Solicitor-General" of that time as "Poor Old Brougham"—this man who, as Mr. Atlay puts it in summary, "had rescued a Queen of England from the very jaws of destruction, who struck the fetters from the slave, who carried the Reform Bill in the teeth of King and Peers." But, together with this splendid achievement, Mr. Atlay shows the meanness that lay in some of his acts, his vulgarity in others, the pretence of his learning, his low intrigue for the regaining of lost prestige, and his overacting in his great speech for the Reform Bill; intimates that the vehicle which bears his name is to be his most lasting monument, and ends the last chapter by informing the "general reader" ("little though he may know it") that Brougham's "most prominent feature catches his eye on the corner of the London Charivari every week"—where an imp or an elf trails by a string "a mask with upturned face, from which is visible and distinct the proboscis which once adorned the countenance of Lord Brougham."

I have not referred to the chapters which must especially interest the readers of the legal profession, nor have I spoken of Mr. Atlay's more kindly and appreciative estimates of Lord Brougham's services to the cause of popular education and to letters. Even these are stinted by the criticisms of those who thought that "his efforts for popular objects, especially for education, were based on party and personal grounds," and the advice of Mr. Atlay that salt be liberally employed in the use of the

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certain material of Brougham's compiling. On the whole, the reader is reluctantly brought into sympathy with the conclusions of the "Broughamania" on which Mr. Atlay has so largely drawn, and by which he is "afraid," as he says in his preface, "that Brougham's reputation is not enhanced."

Of the chapters on Cottenham and Truro I cannot here speak beyond saying that they are of especial interest to the professional reader. And of the whole volume I must add this final word that it is deserving of a much wider reading than it will probably have this side the water.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

ROME: WASHINGTON.

ROME, *September, 1906.*

"*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*" is the inscription on the Jesuit arms, dictated by St. Ignatius himself; but not all, even among good Catholics and other ecclesiastics of the Roman Church, believe that the work of the Jesuits has always been inspired only by a desire to promote the glory of God. This is, perhaps, difficult of understanding in America, where the Jesuits are chiefly known as an intellectual Order, dedicated almost entirely to teaching. They still conduct the Georgetown University, the oldest of Catholic seats of learning in America, and have flourishing colleges in many parts of the United States, especially in St. Louis, New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco and New Orleans. Besides, their settlement in the United States and in Canada is connected with the remembrance of their missionary work, they having been the true pioneer missionaries, who advanced into the wilderness with unshakable faith in their religion and in the triumph of civilization. Even in the Philippines, where such bitter hatred existed against the religious Orders as to render necessary the expulsion of the Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians and Recollets, no complaint was raised against the Society of Jesus, who still hold their place there.

In Europe quite the contrary is the case, and the immense interest aroused by the election in Rome in these days of the new General, to succeed the late Father Luis Martin, is chiefly caused, not by the religious character of the institution founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola, but by the political influence which it has exercised in all countries of the old Continent, for nearly four centuries.

The Company of Jesus was formed at a time in which the Catholic Church was going through some of her darkest days, notably

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in Germany, in England and in France, so that the audacity, the iron discipline and the unscrupulousness of action of Loyola's followers, summarized in the principle that the end justifies the means, was then most acceptable in Rome, which considered them as the best anchor of safety to which recourse could be had. Paul III and Julius III granted them privileges which no body of men in the Catholic Church ever enjoyed before or after. They were entitled to all the rights of the Mendicant and Secular Orders, to be exempt from all episcopal and civil jurisdiction and taxes, recognizing no authority except that of the Pope, and even that through the General of the Company. They were permitted to exercise all priestly functions, having even the power to absolve from all sins and ecclesiastical penalties, which even the Archbishops cannot do unconditionally; they were allowed to acquire churches and estates and erect Houses for the Order, without Papal sanction, and they dispensed themselves from fasting and using the breviary, etc., so that they had a spiritual power almost equal to that of the Pope; hence the rapid development of the Order, its incontestable successes, and the parallel growth of dislike among the other religious bodies, jealous of the immunities and privileges which were denied to them. In their condemnation it has often been said that the prophetic words attributed to their third General, Francis Borgia, elected in 1565, have been fulfilled. Speaking of the Order, at the head of which he was placed, he said, "Like lambs we have crept into power, like wolves have we used it, like dogs shall we be driven out, but like eagles shall we renew our youth." It must, however, be said, without intending to lessen the historical responsibilities weighing on the Society of Jesus, that, considering the times in which they started into life, and the mission which they imposed upon themselves, it was for them very difficult, not to say impossible, to keep out of politics, if they wished to make any headway; and, in fact, they were so mixed up in politics that their fortunes, from the middle of the sixteenth century, have risen and fallen with the rise and fall of the politico-religious principles which they have upheld.

The volcanic fluctuations in their history, down to the time when Clement XIV was induced to suppress them in 1773, are too well known to be recorded here. What it is interesting to consider, on the occasion of the election of the twenty-fourth General of the Order, is their present situation in Europe, and

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especially in Italy, both with regard to the Italian Government and the Papacy. At the epoch alluded to above, in which Clement XIV issued his famous Bull of Suppression, they had reached the height of their power. They numbered over 20,000 members, had churches, houses, universities, colleges, and ecclesiastic and lay privileges in all countries; one of them, Father Roberto Bellarmino of Montepulciano, nephew of Marcellus II and confessor of Clement VIII, would have been elected Pope in the Conclave which put Paul V (Borghese) in the chair of St. Peter, had he not absolutely refused; another, John Casimir, son of King Sigismund III of Poland, finding himself heir to the throne, was allowed by both Pope and General to leave the Order, marry and become King, deserving from Alexander VII the title of the "Orthodox King." Independently of this, the Jesuits had had many Pontiffs and Sovereigns entirely subservient to their will, so that the measure adopted by Clement XIV astonished the world. The Pope did not sign so momentous a document without many searchings of heart. He retired to his apartment and for three days and nights was seen by no one, while he scarcely ate or slept, so great was his indecision. The third night was made glorious by a clear moon; and, as he stood at his window looking down on the fountains of the Piazza of St. Peter, sparkling in the moonlight, and not a sign of life anywhere, as it was three in the morning, he came to a sudden resolution, and, rushing to a table, he seized document and pen, signing the former on the window ledge, as his room was in darkness. Once this was done, he almost repented, and threw Bull and quill on the floor in a corner, not to be tempted to touch them again, and retiring hurriedly he slept like a child for the first time in many days. A year later, Clement died, under such peculiar circumstances that the Jesuits have never been able to free themselves from the suspicion of having hastened his end.

Thus, according to the Ecclesiastical Dictionary of Moroni, the Order solemnly confirmed by nineteen of Clement XIV's predecessors was suppressed and remained disbanded for forty-one years, except in Prussia and in Russia, the two countries which, in our days, are most severe against them, the former tolerating them without, however, allowing them to reestablish their Houses, and the latter never having permitted them to reenter the Muscovite Empire since they were driven out of it.

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In Austria, Spain and Portugal, they now flourish again, while in France, Belgium and England their influence is considerably augmented. In Italy, they made the mistake of identifying too much the struggle for the unity and independence of the country with anti-Catholicism, perhaps because the movement which was to transform the "geographical expression" into a new Power comprised the suppression of the Papal States. They, therefore, found themselves the allies and supporters of reaction and anti-patriotism, thus augmenting the dislike which had already accumulated against them. There was a time in Italy when the hope was entertained of freeing the Peninsula from foreign dominion with the assistance of the Papacy, and many still remember the enthusiasm aroused by Pius IX when he sent the Pontifical troops to fight the Austrians. Even Garibaldi then put his sword at the Pope's disposal, but the influence of the Jesuits changed all, and from that moment the fate of the Temporal Power was decided.

The taking of Rome, in 1870, did not discourage the Jesuits, as they firmly believed that such a state of things could not be permanent, and they used all the means at their disposal to hasten the change. They had insisted that Pius IX, repeating what he had done twenty-two years before, when the Roman Republic was proclaimed, should fly from the Eternal City, before the entrance of what they then called the "Piedmontese." Their idea was that a Pope in exile, far from the Vatican, would gather the sympathy and help of the whole Catholic world for his restoration. It is believed that they would have succeeded had it not been for the opposition of Cardinal Antonelli, who maintained that such a step would be a blot on the history of the Papacy.

They displayed great activity in creating, both at home and abroad, all possible difficulties for the new Kingdom. The long duration of political brigandage in the south of Italy is attributed to their assistance, combined with that of the dispossessed Bourbons of Naples, while they started that policy of intimate friendship with France which reached its culmination under Cardinal Rampolla, and was based on the conviction that the day would come in which that country would have her *revanche* against Germany, which, in their minds, would also mean the *revanche* of the Papacy, as the loss of the Temporal Power was the consequence of the defeat of France in 1870. At that time, through their influence, the Government of the French Republic kept the

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man-of-war "Orénoque," in the harbor of Civita Vecchia, at the disposal of the Pope, for a period of four years, until October 14th, 1874. This, as can be easily understood, was a constant source of incidents and friction, which began only a few months after the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome, when M. Bourgoing, French Ambassador accredited to the Vatican, under pressure from the Jesuits, had arranged that the officers and crew of that ship should on New Year's Day come to Rome to present their homage to the Pontiff. M. Fournier, French Representative to the Italian Government, who was then only a Minister, not having yet been raised to the rank of Ambassador, protested, maintaining that, if the French sailors were to come to Rome at all, their first visit should be to the King. Paris had to intervene in favor of the Minister, so that the Ambassador resigned. When Napoleon III died at Chiselhurst, the Jesuits, to please the French Government, wished that the Papacy should participate in the condolence as little as possible, so they detained the telegram which Pius IX sent to Empress Eugénie, and they delayed the permission asked by Cardinal Bonaparte to assist at the funeral until it was too late. It was also discovered that the Jesuits were organizing in Rome, with disbanded Pontifical soldiers, chiefly ex-Zouaves from Italy, France, Belgium and Canada, Carlist Bands for an expedition to Spain. In the monastery of the Church of Santa Maria della Scala, arms, manifestoes and banners were seized. All these incidents and many others, which now seem insignificant, created such bad feeling that the Government was obliged to present a bill for the suppression of the religious Corporations, which was approved and the General House of the Jesuits was closed with the others, their property being sold at public auction, notwithstanding the excommunication of the purchasers.

The headquarters of the Society were transferred to Fiesole, the picturesque village on the slopes above Florence, so rich in artistic memories, and from thence they continued for many years their anti-Italian campaign. They hurled their thunders against Count Andrassy when, in 1873, he arranged the visit of King Victor Emmanuel to Vienna, calling him the "Hungarian conspirator," and predicting his fall. They again tried to transfer the seat of Catholicism from Rome and Italy, when, after the death of Pius IX, the Conclave for the election of the new Pope

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was to meet. In the Congregations preparatory to it they induced several Cardinals, including Pecci, afterwards Leo XIII, Ledochowski, afterwards for so many years Prefect of the Propaganda, and Manning and Howard, and Oreglia—the only survivor of the Cardinals created by Pius IX—to vote for holding the Conclave outside the Peninsula. Signor Crispi, who was then Minister of the Interior, was approached to learn from him what would be his attitude should the Sacred College decide to leave. "I shall have the Cardinals considered and treated throughout the Kingdom to the frontier as Princes of the blood," answered the Sicilian politician. "And should they return?" "Ah! As to that I can guarantee nothing," he replied, with a significant smile. The Cardinals understood that if the Holy See was once transferred from Italy, it would probably never return again, and they ended by all agreeing to meet in Rome.

Not having succeeded in bringing the Papacy out of Italy, the Jesuits themselves left the country in 1892, when their late General was to be elected, and they went to the classic land of their origin at Loyola, where all spoke of their founder. The General elected there, Father Luis Martin, and his assistants, among whom there was for the first time an American, Father Rudolph Meyer, of St. Louis, Missouri, had the merit of understanding that the time had come to change attitude and direction, as the old intransigeance and aggressiveness could in no way be to their advantage.

Fiesole, notwithstanding the Cyclopean walls of its Etruscan remains, the inspiring ruins of its Roman Capitol, and the traces of great Florentines from Fra Angelico to Brunelleschi, was for the leaders of the Company a kind of exile. They wanted Rome with its history and prestige, they wanted to sit next to the Vatican and not far from their largest Church, the Gesù, where the remains of St. Ignatius lie. Thus they did what in no other country than Italy would be tolerated. Although no change had taken place in the bill which suppressed their General House, they gradually transferred themselves again to the Eternal City, without, however, officially announcing their removal or taking a building for themselves, but becoming the guests of the German College, one of their institutions. The strong anti-Italian feeling of past time is much modified; they, indeed, to a certain extent, feel gratitude at being unmolested. On the other hand, the

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Italian Government closed not one but both eyes, being rather glad to have at its disposal such a strong arm as the application of the bill of suppression, should the Jesuits abuse the hospitality tacitly permitted them.

Since their return to Rome their programme, which very likely will be followed by the new General also, has consisted chiefly in obtaining a complete supremacy in the Church, so exemplifying, and not for the first time, the saying that the "Black Pope," the General of the Jesuits, is more powerful than the "Red Pope," the Prefect of the Propaganda, and even the "White Pope," the Pontiff himself.

WASHINGTON, *October, 1906.*

DURING the last thirty days political onlookers in the Federal capital have been preoccupied, not with the question whether the Republicans will retain control of the House of Representatives in the Sixtieth Congress—of this there now seems to be no doubt—but, first, with the intervention of the United States in Cuba and the possible effect of that act on the outcome of Secretary Root's mission to South America, and, secondly, the result of the State election in New York, which, obviously, will have a direct and important bearing on the use that will be made of that State's thirty-nine electoral votes in the next Presidential contest. There is no doubt that our interposition in Cuba was necessary to save this year's sugar and tobacco crops, upon which the islanders mainly rely for their support. Nevertheless, it is fortunate that the establishment of a provisional Government by Secretary Taft had not only an economical, but a political, justification. It was plain, indeed, to impartial observers, for some time before Secretary Taft landed in Cuba, that the Moderates, who, since the accession of President Palma to their party, had dominated the Havana Government, were unable to quell the insurrection started by the Liberals, their political opponents; but, had the Moderates maintained the contrary, and insisted that our intervention was needless, we could not have forced it upon the Cubans without exciting suspicion and misgiving throughout Latin America.

As a matter of fact, indeed, the Moderates are estopped by their own act from pretending that our interposition was uncalled for and superfluous. Since the publication of the cabled

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correspondence between President Palma and his Secretary of State with our State Department, it has been made clear that our intervention was most urgently solicited by the Havana Government for at least a week before the arrival of the first United States war-vessel in the harbor of Havana. The request was based upon the frank admission of inability to put down the insurrection, to preserve the sugar and tobacco crops from devastation and to safeguard the city of Havana itself from attack and spoliation. Under the circumstances, the strongest possible case was presented for interference under the so-called Platt Amendment to the Cuban Constitution, which made it, not only our right, but our duty, to interpose for the maintenance of law and order in the island. As the Liberals, who were arrayed in arms against the Palma Administration, had already requested our interposition, we had absolutely no excuse, after receiving the earnest appeal from the Havana Government, for refusing to act.

Act, accordingly, we did, but with reluctance and the utmost circumspection. Thus, when our first war-vessel reached Havana, and, in compliance with a pressing demand from President Palma, a force of one hundred and fifty sailors had been landed for his personal protection, the guard was presently withdrawn by a peremptory order from our Navy Department. Even after Secretary Taft's arrival, he spent many days in efforts to persuade President Palma to reconsider his determination to resign, and to assent to some compromise with the Liberal insurgents, whereby a new election might take place under Palma's supervision, and thus any break in the continuity of the native Government be averted. President Palma and his fellow Moderates, however, refused to acquiesce in any compromise, having, apparently, taken it for granted that the United States would use its military and naval forces to sustain them as constituting the *de facto* Government, without instituting any preliminary inquiry into the equities of the case. This Judge Taft very properly declined to do; but, after an investigation which threw a lurid light upon the methods by which last year's election in Cuba was conducted, expressed a willingness to uphold Señor Palma temporarily in the post of Chief Executive, provided he would order a new general election, and abide by its results. President Palma refused to do this, and persisted in resigning

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his office. Vice-President Capote and all the members of the Cabinet followed Palma's example, and, as a quorum could not be secured in the Cuban Congress, the Constitutional election of a successor in the office of insular Chief Magistrate was impossible.

Cuba was thus left without a Government, and there was nothing left for Secretary Taft to do but to proclaim himself the head of a provisional administration. That the intervention was to be provisional in the strictest sense of the word was made patent by the declaration that it would only last until order had been restored throughout the island, and until the situation should be such that a new and fair general election might take place. On the part of the Cuban Liberals not a protest was raised, and the Moderates, as we have said, were estopped from remonstrance by the knowledge that their own Administration, of which Señor Palma was the head, had repeatedly requested interference.

There is no room, then, for any misconstruction of our motives on the part of our Latin-American neighbors.

In the opinion of onlooking diplomatists in Washington, some of whom, perhaps, were not overanxious to see crowned with success Mr. Root's mission to South America, it would be difficult to exaggerate the caution, wisdom and skill with which the delicate and difficult problem presented by the Cuban situation has been solved by the Roosevelt Administration. Instead of undoing the work performed by Secretary Root, our solution of the Cuban problem has confirmed his assurances, and has demonstrated in the most striking and conclusive way the truth of his assertion that, in dealing with our sister republics, we are animated by the purest and most generous purposes. It should henceforth be impossible for the most sceptical observer in Montevideo, or Buenos Aires, or Santiago de Chile, to misconceive the intention with which our Government has interposed to shield the Dominican commonwealth from its foreign creditors. Events have enabled us to furnish in Cuba an object-lesson which cannot be misinterpreted. In view of it, Latin America must recognize that there is absolutely no trace of a desire in the United States for southward annexation. If we do not want Cuba, where much American capital is invested, and upon which we are largely dependent for our supply of sugar, we certainly

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do not want Santo Domingo, much less Venezuela or Colombia. In a word, we want nothing but the good-will and trust of our Latin-American brethren.

Mr. Root told the Latin-Americans the truth, and we might almost say that the Cuban Liberals deserve to be thanked for giving us an opportunity of proving it.

The intense interest felt, not only at Washington, but all over the Union, in the New York State election, is intelligible enough. Not only political, but social, issues of vital import are involved in it.

If, by any chance, Mr. William Randolph Hearst should succeed in getting himself chosen Governor, it is obvious that with his newspapers and with his pecuniary resources, and with the prestige of success in the Empire Commonwealth, he could start movements in the adjoining States of New Jersey and Connecticut which would give him a chance of adding in 1908 their nineteen electoral votes to the thirty-nine of New York. In that event, he would become a formidable rival of William J. Bryan for the Democratic nomination two years hence, especially as, in a Democratic National Convention, two-thirds of the votes are needed to accredit a nominee. That, under the circumstances suggested, Mr. Hearst could muster a third of the votes, we probably may take for granted. He managed to get scores of votes even in the St. Louis Convention, when he had nothing behind him but an extraordinary exhibition of brazen assurance. With the delegations of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts at his back—he is sure of Massachusetts if Moran, the Democratic nominee for Governor in that State, should prove more influential than George Fred Williams—he would be almost certain to pick up many additional adherents in the South and West.

These are no shadowy terrors: they are indubitable facts; and for that reason the campaign in New York is watched with acute anxiety. Not the least nervous of the anxious observers must be President Roosevelt himself. We have the best of reasons for asserting absolute confidence in the sincerity of the resolve repeatedly expressed by Mr. Roosevelt not to be a candidate, or even to accept a nomination, for another term. Yet, if, by any chance, Mr. Hearst should be chosen Governor of New York this year, the demand for Mr. Roosevelt's renomination

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at the head of the Republican ticket in 1908 might prove irresistible, and he might have to yield.

Aside, however, from its political aspects, the Hearst movement, which is not by any means confined to New York and Massachusetts, but is active and aggressive in Illinois and California, excites the greatest apprehensions in thoughtful men, who perceive its bearing upon our whole social structure. Although Mr. Hearst himself professes to be an individualist, and, in some of his speeches, has disavowed any personal predilections for Socialism, there is no doubt that his newspapers are not only vociferous in their advocacy of Socialistic demands, but, at times, in their rabid denunciation of the accumulations of capital by thrift and brains, stop but little short of direct incitement to predatory and homicidal anarchy. Day in and day out, they preach the gospel of the discontented. They strive to array class against class, to foment hatred and malice; and, if they could have their way, would make of this happy land of ours a hell.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *October 8.* The Threatening Hearst Force.

WHEN the vulture was substituted for the eagle as a party emblem at Buffalo, the Democratic party ceased for the time being to exist in the Commonwealth of New York. An exact definition of the present situation would make a direct issue unmistakable between conservatism, represented by the Republican organization, and radicalism, as portrayed by the Hearst force. Neither the one nor the other comprises an obvious majority of voters. The determining element is a group of men who have been accustomed to vote the Democratic ticket from what they regarded as principle, except at times when the leading candidate seemed to have repudiated essential tenets of their faith. It is evident, therefore, that, if the State is to be saved from the odium which would attach to the elevation of a political adventurer to its highest public position, these are the citizens who must be awakened to the necessity, not of negative inaction, but of positive and earnest endeavor to avert a minatory calamity. Mere denunciation of the force itself, or of the force as personified by its candidate, will not suffice. Appeal to the reasoning and moral faculties is clearly essential. Primarily, the partisan must be convinced that, in this instance, he is freed from even a nominal obligation of allegiance. In view of the unprecedented and shameful exhibition at Buffalo, this should not be a difficult task; and yet intelligent opponents of the malign influence now seeking to fasten itself officially upon the State seem to regard mere expression of their opposition as adequate to the requirements of the situation.

Such an assumption might readily prove, after the event, to have been fatal. Despite the notable improvement in the character of Republican control during the past year, there still re-

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mains in the minds of the element referred to deep-seated repugnance to the continuance of that party in power. The disposition also of thousands of younger partisans, who recognize the advantages of compliance with so-called "regularity" in striving for political preferment, must be reckoned with. The truth, then, should be made manifest, iterated and reiterated, that there is no Democratic candidate for Governor, and that there should be no Democratic emblem upon the ballots.

The demonstration of this fact, as we have observed, is easy. Disregarding the necessarily vague accusations of bribery on the part of the Hearst force in Buffalo, the facts relating to the Convention there held are substantially as follows: After obtaining the great Tammany vote from Manhattan Borough by an unholy alliance, which was nevertheless in technical conformity with party usage, the Hearst force in the Convention represented a total strength of two hundred and ten votes, or sixteen less than a majority. The only method by which the additional number could be won over was by unseating delegates regularly elected and by substituting contestants. To accomplish this purpose, it was necessary to obtain control of the committee on credentials, which was made possible by the action of the representative of a leading county, who suddenly and suspiciously reversed his position, ignoring the instructions under which he had been elected a member of the Convention. That this conduct on his part was a base betrayal of his constituency is obvious; but it did not conflict with any technical requirement of party regulation. So far, all essentials of regular procedure were complied with.

It was in the committee on credentials itself that the technical violation took place. Contests were hastily arranged, and by a majority of a single vote were quickly determined, without regard to evidence, good faith or precedent. The most flagrant instance was that of the Queens County delegation, which had been chosen by an overwhelming majority of nearly five thousand. There was no complaint from the defeated candidates after the primaries, and no claim has since been made that the election was not conducted in strict conformity with the provisions of the law. The only pretext advanced by the contestants before the committee was the assertion that police officers had surrounded the polls in such numbers as to deter citizens from voting. No instance was given of any person having tried unsuccessfully for this, or any

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other, reason to cast a ballot, and no heed was given to the fact that absence of the police officers from the polls would have been a direct violation of the statutes. It was an absolutely arbitrary proceeding, conducted with fitting cynicism and utter contempt of both law and custom. Twelve delegates thus overwhelmingly elected were promptly barred from the exercise of their right, and other similar contests increased the total number of votes transferred in this despotic manner to fifty-one, which was considered and proved to be a safe margin.

Such a betrayal, not only of party usage, but of the fundamental principle of Democracy itself, of course, frees every partisan from any obligation to recognize the action of a Convention thus constituted. Consider further the facts that the candidate named by the usurping delegates had not only proven recreant to the latest nominee of the Democratic national organization, but within a year had himself forfeited all rights from the view-point of regularity by becoming an independent candidate against the nominee of the party, and at that moment was the candidate of yet another independent organization, whose platform was at utter variance with Democratic principles, and the absolute extirpation of claims upon party fealty becomes so manifest and conclusive that the duty of a partisan respecting his organization is to vote against the candidate, not in spite of, but because of, the fact that he is a Democrat.

If our assumption be correct that the Republican and Radical forces are so evenly divided as to leave the real balance of power in the hands of conservative Democrats, it is clear that too much stress cannot be placed upon this partisan interpretation of the actual facts. It remains only to give it full expression, not only through the public journals, which have united with singular unanimity against the exponent of unrest, but by word of mouth from platforms throughout the State. This can only be done at meetings held under the auspices of the conservative Democrats themselves. Attempts to accomplish the result in gatherings directed by Republican managers would be certainly futile and probably harmful.

While it is almost inconceivable to our mind that the great Empire State will submit to the threatening disgrace, we cannot ignore the fact that the surrender of a time-honored party, having more than seven hundred thousand votes at its disposal, seemed

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almost equally improbable. All apprehensions and predictions of disastrous outcome of popular government have rested upon anticipation of a day when the forces of vice, envy and ignorance should find themselves in a majority and brutally exercise their power. We may only hope and pray that, in this definitive test, good citizenship, true Americanism and aroused conscience will set the seal of righteous ascendancy upon our most cherished institution. But we seriously adjure our fellow citizens to let no easy assurance supplant grim determination and unremitting endeavor. There is danger in the air.

TUESDAY, *October 9.* The American Girl a Bore.

WE wonder whether the observation which convinced Mr. Howells that the American woman talks with a nasal twang is quite recent. Time was, perhaps a score of years ago, when undoubtedly such an assertion would have been capable of easy demonstration, especially in New England and the Middle West peopled from the Atlantic coast; but, while hesitating to dispute the conclusion of the first living American student of social conditions, we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that a notable change in enunciation has been wrought during the past few years. It began simultaneously with the movement eastwards of teachers and mothers and daughters in search of combined education and recreation, and it has been intensified year by year in proportion to the swelling magnitude of that migration. In that fashionable society whose god—or should we say goddess?—is form, the nasal inflection has been wholly obliterated; and, while traces undoubtedly remain in certain segregated sections of the country, we seriously question whether anywhere it is now sufficiently common to justify the declaration that it is the chief defect in American young womanhood.

Our girls have not yet acquired the peculiar beauty of the cultivated English voice because of a continuing disposition to speak with the muscles of the throat rather than of the lips; but this practice is very far removed from the nasal method, and possesses a distinct advantage in freedom from the English doll-like monotony. In common, we suspect, with Mr. Howells, we find little that is interesting, aside from her physical appearance, in the American girl of to-day between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two. She has failed to keep pace in any respect with the Ameri-

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can boy, whose advancement we recently remarked with satisfaction. Indeed, if the blunt truth be spoken, she is an intolerable bore, self-conscious, ignorant and concerned chiefly with matrimonial aspirations. To the Englishman her pertness, which he imagines to be *chic,* is fascinating and indicative of mental brightness, but this effect is attributable largely to his own dulness. It is the clever management of a limited number of phrases, supplemented by copious use of what he considers delightful slang, not substance or even measureable information, that appeals to his jaded mentality. In point of intelligence, she is, we believe, the equal if not the superior of her English cousin, but in the choice of language she is sadly inferior. The use of slang by boys finds some excuse in unavoidable association with unrefined men; its use by girls is simply odious and a direct reflection upon the attention and taste of their mothers. This is easily proven by inquiry into the sources of the petted phrases. Take, for example, two of the latest—"Twenty-three" and "Skidoo." These have slightly different meanings, the exact interpretation of the former being "to the rear," and of the latter "scamper" or "flee in haste." The former had its origin at the race-track, which ordinarily has only sufficient width to accommodate twenty-two horses standing side by side, so that the twenty-third is necessarily relegated to an unfavorable position. The use of the coined phrase, therefore, implies a knowledge of details of professional sport, the possession of which by a young girl is distinctly unbecoming. The second is a mere substitute for "skedaddle," itself of American origin and now regarded by common assent as egregiously vulgar. Scores of like illustrations might be put in evidence; but these should suffice to convince a mother, teacher or even a comparatively ignorant girl herself of the desirability of seeking the roots of terms whose use she has come to regard as an evidence of smartness.

The mother of the present day, for whose comrade-relationship with her boys we have profound admiration, is likely to be so apprehensive that her daughter may seem old-fashioned and lack some of the immediately modern competitive fascinations that she unwisely tolerates practices disagreeable to herself. Apparently, she has yet to learn that, to the intelligent American of marriageable age, pertness soon comes to be as distasteful as even priggishness. While, then, in no sense decrying

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attentiveness to the defect still considered serious by our kindly critic, we cannot conscientiously forbear indicating a foible, the importance of whose elimination seems even more manifest.

WEDNESDAY, *October 10.* Are We Unconsciously becoming Socialistic?

IT was the custom of the Puritans to instil into the minds of their sons the theory that striving for material success is wholly in unison with the worship of God, and almost, if not quite, as praiseworthy in the eyes, not only of their fellows, but of their Maker. The respective rewards, almost equally desirable in their estimation, were appreciation of achievement in this world and a satisfactory abiding-place in the world to come. Particular credit was supposed to attach to the prosperous issue of the endeavors of those born with few advantages. The traditional poor boy who went forth and conquered the world became an heroic example and found his way into the songs of the people, down to the day of the poet Lowell, who portrayed in delicate verse his priceless heritage. Even to the past generation the teaching prevailed, and came to be regarded as possessing a quality distinctively American. Some who call themselves individualists still persist in advocacy of the familiar doctrine; but, generally, it seems to have been left behind, and sometimes we wonder whether as a people we are not becoming unconsciously socialistic.

Take, as an illustration of the present tendency, the case of one of our very rich men whose success would have been the wonder and admiration of the past generation. He left home as a poor boy in the customary manner, wholly dependent even for a living upon his personal exertions. Good fortune did not come quickly. He remained comparatively indigent for many years; but, after a time, inherited mental capacity and developed industry and perseverance wore away the barriers, and step by step he advanced, until to-day he is the active director of the greatest and most successful business in the world. Fifty years ago, such an one would have been honored, his opinions heeded and his favor sought. His influence would have been not only great but affirmative, as was, for example, Peter Cooper's. Now it is restricted to a class whose chief weakness lies in its financial strength, and, broadly speaking, it is wholly negative. In recent years, men occupying similar positions have refrained from expressing judgment bearing upon the conduct of public affairs because of the

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apparent unwisdom of so doing; and, although we have known well this particular man and observed his conduct somewhat closely, we cannot recall a single utterance from him of the character mentioned since he achieved his preeminence. We were surprised, therefore, to note a departure from his lifelong custom the other day, when, in a newspaper interview, he frankly espoused the cause of a certain political candidate upon the ground that the opposing force was a menace to the business interests of the country. The effect was quick and inevitable. Those in whose favor he declared sighed; those of whom he disapproved exulted. The former discreetly minimized, the latter loudly magnified, the significance of the utterance; and we have no doubt that the consensus of opinion would be that the one acted wisely and the other shrewdly. And yet the judgment possesses great value and the personal interests represented thereby are quite in common with those of the people as a whole.

But we hear some one say that we have not told all, that there must be other reasons why advice from such a source will not be heeded. This very successful American must be a bad man personally, or he must have engaged in wrongful practices in building up his business and his fortune. We know of but few men, rich or poor, to whose careers the word "saintly" would apply precisely, but, speaking in a comparative sense, the objection has no force in this case. This man is not a bad man. On the contrary there are many evidences of exceptional goodness. Like his traditional prototypes, he has endowed his native town with a lavish hand and is known to be an unostentatious yet generous contributor to scores, even hundreds, of commendable efforts on behalf of those who are less fortunate. The crowning manifestation of his fidelity is found in the fact that his friends, though few because of the simplicity of his life, are invariably loyal. In the conduct of his business he has done only those things which others have done and only those things that his honored predecessors in the earlier period of our national existence did. Undoubtedly, in dealing with unscrupulous men he has, as they say, fought the devil with fire; but, in all the torrent of abuse that has been heaped upon him, there has never been so much as a hint of disloyalty to an associate; the basis of his achievement has been extraordinary sagacity. These facts are well known, and yet, as we have observed, his public influence is notoriously negative.

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There is nothing singular in this American man's case; he is but one of hundreds in like circumstances confronted by the same condition. How can the fact be accounted for, except as an indication of an almost revolutionary change in our traditional theory of commendable existence? Can it be possible that appreciation of individual achievement and acquisition has been supplanted so quickly by determination to enforce a distribution of the results of the endeavors of others? If so, surely the brink of Socialism is not far distant, and the subject is one which should engage the earnest attention of serious minds. Whether the plainly discernable tendency, fomented by demagogy and self-seeking, prove to be temporary or lasting, there can be no doubt that we are face to face with a condition such as confronted Germany twenty years ago, and is surely making headway to-day even in conservative England. Unlike the Continental Empire, we have no autocracy with which to combat heresies; but, unless the fathers and sons of the Republic even to the present generation have been grievously mistaken, the spirit of patriotism is not dead and cannot be killed. The living questions are whether it has not been permitted to lie dormant too long, and in what way it can be aroused to the necessity of recognizing and solving, with wisdom and tolerance, the immediate problems involved in the guidance of a posterity to be counted by hundreds of millions.

THURSDAY, *October 11.* Conscience at the Custom House.

WHAT of the American conscience of the present day? Are its warrants and inhibitions the effect of inward conviction denoting principle or only the logical outcome of mental argument affected by desire and convenience? What would be the answer of the thousands of men and women now arriving daily from abroad after passing through the ordeal of conversation under oath with the customs officers of the Government?

The situation is one familiar to all travellers. We may take for granted that nine-tenths of the returning tourists have in their trunks articles for their own use and for presentation which cost materially more than the insignificant sum fixed by the Government as the total value of purchases exempt from tariff duty. It is also certain that not one-tenth make declaration to that effect. A large majority solemnly affirm, with raised right hand and with the help of God, that they have no dutiable goods

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concealed about their persons or elsewhere. But they have, they know that they have and the customs officer knows that they have. How, then, can we reconcile the perjury—for that is what it really is—with the further assertion, which we unhesitatingly make, that they are honest persons? The various explanations and excuses of those culpable are familiar. One seriously convinces himself or herself, usually herself, that the purchases, whatever their cost, would not be worth more than a hundred dollars to any one else, or would not sell for more at the auction block. Not that this consideration has any bearing upon the matter; it is only self-condonation, but it is preferable to frank admission of fault. Another finds excuse in the obnoxious features of the regulations, and argues glibly that, since the Government will not accept his or her word under oath in any case, there is no obligation to speak the truth. A third takes exception to the meanness of the law itself in depriving faithful and law-abiding citizens of some vague inalienable right. But we suspect that only those whose moral sense has not yet been blunted by frequent aberrations find such explicit extenuation essential to freedom from apprehension of annoyance in the hereafter. Long experience enables the customs officer to detect such an one at a glance. He notes the heightened color, the twitching hand, the hesitating voice and the ill-concealed movement of the throat, suggestive of the resemblance between a conscience and the swallowed angleworm of his boyhood that was accustomed to tickle when it squirmed, and reminiscently, though gravely and sympathetically, he smiles as he affixes his signature to the fateful document. The greater number, however, comforted by the fact that they sin in large company and that a whole people cannot be indicted, complacently assure themselves that, while the regulations are doubtless essential to the apprehension of wicked smugglers, the duties were really meant to be placed only upon articles intended for sale, of which he—generally he, in this instance—has none.

This is broad reasoning but probably as good as any, and, frankly speaking, the best we ourselves, after no little searching, have been able to descry. We do not, of course, recommend its adoption by God-fearing people who see wrong in granting to conscience even so brief a period of rest; we merely record the facts as bearing gently though fixedly upon the inquiry suggested.

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FRIDAY, *October 12.* Statecraft and Seeing.

A CENTURY of time has elapsed since Joubert, writing of Montesquieu, uttered his famous dictum that "statesmanship cannot be taught by books," but recognition of its validity by rulers the world over has come at last to the decisive advantage, we believe, of progressive civilization. Simultaneously with the more or less general adoption of the "new diplomacy" of openness and frankness inaugurated, we flatter ourselves, by an American Secretary of State, has arisen appreciation of the value of observation at first hand by master minds. To see with their own eyes, to study with their own faculties, to report with their own lips, a President visits Panama, one cabinet minister goes to South America, another to the Philippines and Cuba, the British Secretary of State for War to Germany, the eldest of elder Japanese statesmen to Korea, the first viceroys of China to Europe, while at frequent intervals intelligent princes from far and near land upon our own hospitable shores. To the improved art of statecraft has been added the first principle of scientific inquiry, that of accurate observation as a preliminary to generalization, thus rendering the inductive method operative in the government of nations. Better understanding, kindlier feelings, greater tolerance, wider vision, wiser action, all tending to make for the peace and progress of the world, logically ensue and cannot fail to expand because back of all is no mere chance, but a serious ethical purpose in process of steady development. How pitiable in this light seems the dictum of Tolstoi that "a virtuous statesman is as great an inward contradiction as a moral prostitute, an abstemious drunkard or a meek brigand!"

SATURDAY, *October 13.* Unification of Christian Endeavor.

"FROM Greenland's Icy Mountains," was once and, we dare say, in some sections of the country continues to be an inspiring hymn. The militant note in the Slav-like music admirably supplemented the appeal of the fervid words to that enthusiasm in a great cause which is inherent in all rightly constituted natures. Probably no single agency has contributed more to the success of the work initiated one hundred years ago this month by the five young men who engaged in prayer by the celebrated hay-stack in Williamstown, Massachusetts. It is a

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record of amazing achievement on the part of our foreign missionary societies which is recited authoritatively in this REVIEW by the Rev. Dr. Barton. The fact that the annual revenue from the churches for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign lands has grown to millions of dollars is in itself a sufficient indication of the magnitude of the work, but is really insignificant in impressiveness as compared with the great number of colleges and schools now standing in every quarter of the globe, as monuments to the triumph of an idea developed by the energy of faith. Mighty, however, as has been the educational phase of the movement abroad, it has scarcely exceeded that at home. Acquaintance and understanding have obliterated the original notion that only the followers of Christ are the children of God and that all others are heathens. The bigot who formerly bore the torch into dark places, often because he was incapable of making a livelihood in an enlightened land, has been superseded by the wiser and more tolerant missionary teacher of the present day. Unsuspected truths have been discovered in Hinduism and Confucianism, and while the existence of but one living God is still maintained, the former insistence that Christianity is the only faith capable of leading men to Him has gradually yielded to the effect of a broader and saner comprehension. The frequent necessities, moreover, of cooperation in distant lands, have tended to eliminate the petty differences between the various denominations at home, and unification was naturally recognized at the Centenary celebration in Williamstown as the most important and immediate phase of further intelligent development. For ourselves, we have never been able to perceive the necessity or desirability of attempting to foist upon other reverent peoples our own particular form of religion, but if the century of foreign missionary work just ended should ultimately, as seems likely it may, result in a union of all sects in one great, broad, tolerant Christian society, the vast expenditure in lives, endeavor and money during the past hundred years will find ample justification in the eyes of a far-seeing God as well as of discerning men.

MONDAY, *October 15.* **Can the *Entente Cordiale* Endure?**

Is the *entente cordiale* really anything more than a refinement of that which we once knew as "armed neutrality"? Lovers

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of concord generally approved the establishment of the present agreeable relationship between France and England, as not only desirable in itself, but also as indicative of the possibility of a happy commingling of historically antagonistic races. But, pleasant as it seems and is, of course, in an official sense, is it a fact that the two peoples have come or could come into truly close communion? We wonder. Of a summer evening, in a famous restaurant in Paris, the host, in conformity with his custom, appeared at a certain hour and passed from table to table, shaking hands and conversing genially with his regular patrons, comprising among others a Russian duke, an Italian nobleman, an American journalist and two members of the richest family in France. At a secluded table sat a typical Englishman of high rank in diplomacy. Before him the host, still smiling at a clever observation by one of his guests, paused and from a suitable distance made his most charming bow. The Englishman accepted it in profound silence, though with a smile of blended tolerance and approval; and, returning into himself, resumed consideration of his excellent dinner and the advertisements in the "Times." The difference in the manner of the host's greetings was not due to the exalted position of this particular guest, since the social and diplomatic rank of others present affably treated was known to be quite as high. Nor did it evoke so much as a word or a look of comment, being regarded obviously by all present, bar one amused onlooker who is now recording the incident, as a matter of course. The explanation is simple. One participant in the little episode was French; the other was English, neither Russian nor Italian nor even American; therefore, hands did not touch, and geniality faded into grave though perfect courtesy. So it is, so far as opportunity has enabled us to observe, in all relationships between the individual Frenchman and the individual Englishman. The oil and the water may be poured into one basin, but they simply will not and cannot mix. The feeling of the French people that the English have frequently and roughly deprived them of material possessions, is no less abiding than the established belief of the English that the characteristic traits of all Frenchmen and most Frenchwomen are flippancy and immorality. Can an *entente cordiale*, in such circumstances correctly defined as a mere polite official fiction, endure? Can even apparent self-in-

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terest long prevail over the impulses of human nature and the dictates of habit? Borrowing the delightful phrase of the most pleasing of philosophers, himself a Frenchman of English descent, we are "curiously doubtful."

TUESDAY, *October 16.* Of Japanese Humor.

THE preternatural solemnity of the Japanese is probably responsible for the original impression that they lack that quality so essential to human happiness known as the sense of humor, and yet such acquaintanceship as we have made with those who have visited us has surely tended to its confirmation. It is with no little surprise, therefore, that we learn that we have been misled, and that the Japanese really possess a subtle understanding quite as keen as that of the fun-loving folk of China. The discovery was made by an American war correspondent, who, having been politely deprived of the privilege of depicting scenes of battle, now finds food for reflection in the study of character.

We regret the necessity of saying that the illustrations presented by the discoverer in substantiation of his assertion are far from convincing. For example: On a certain day the Japanese adjutant said to the correspondents, "To-morrow you shall go to the war"; but when the morrow came the honorable promise had been politely forgotten; whereupon the impatient foreigners appealed to the Baron General, chief of staff, who listened with the customary grave courtesy, and, after due consideration, instructed the interpreter to reply as follows:

"His excellency the General says you shall have not longer cause to make complaint. You make complainings because one day we the most unworthy Japanese say one thing and the next day something different. It shall not so be. Yesterday we the Japanese say you the honorable correspondents should 'go to the war to-morrow'; we shall not say different to-day. No, to-day his excellency say he wishes in name of honorable Government to repeat same thing, 'To-morrow you shall go to the war.'" At the door the interpreter stopped the correspondents and gravely added: "His excellency the Baron General say honorable foreign sirs come to-morrow we the unworthy Japanese tell them same things. Always same thing every day, 'To-morrow you shall go to war.'"

The bit of amusement afforded by the anecdote is appreciated, but the writer is under a serious misapprehension respecting the nature of his discovery. This is not humor; it is not even irony; it is characteristic deceit, pure and simple, practised with avowed

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hyprocrisy. The correspondents had come a long distance at great expense and were received with a simulation of excessive courtesy, only in the end to meet with an insult in the guise of a joke. In this country, where the sense of humor is not only developed, but refined, sarcasm and satire long ago ceased to be regarded with favor; even wit must be harmless, and mere smartness in evasion of a serious pledge, such as the Baron General's, would be considered intolerable. The true humorist is patterned after the real lady, who, we are informed, always remembers others and never forgets herself.

Wednesday, October 17. Of Woman's "Inherent Right" to Vote.

We have received the following communication:

To the Editor of "The North American Review":

Sir,—Your declaration of your conviction "that the time has arrived when the welfare of the Nation would be most effectually conserved by conferring upon women the privilege of voting and holding political office" arouses the enthusiastic appreciation of many thinking women, to whom the words of a man, emancipated from the thought processes of the stone age in his consideration of woman's relation to national life to-day, are a rare, welcome, inspiring and most heartening message. In the name of some of these women, permit me to thank you.

I must beg leave to question, however, your statement that women have no "inherent right" to the ballot, upon the ground that the history of my country has taught me that taxation without representation is tyranny.

I have just had a conversation upon this vital subject with a man of material (not spiritual) intelligence and wide information. Possibly his remarks and my replies might serve some minor purpose in the controversy.

He said: "Women should not have any rights. They have too many privileges."

I replied: "Is it wise to confuse rights with privileges? Privileges are a mutual affair between men and women. Men grant women many privileges, but do not women the same? What son has a right, what husband has a right, to all the privileges mothers and wives rejoice in heaping upon them?"

He said: "Women have neither the knowledge nor capacity to use the ballot advantageously."

I replied: "Leaving the question of woman's natural mental capacity aside, how can you justly withhold the ballot from her because of incapacity? Education is given always to the ignorant, the incapable, for the purpose of making them wise and capable. They grow up to the demand made upon them. Education also is always adapted, slowly but inevitably, to the needs of those to be educated."

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He said: "I should dislike to see a woman sitting as Judge in a Court."

I answered, "No woman will ever sit as Judge unless she is competent. Your idea of women as judges is no less anomalous to you than the idea of *some men* as judges would seem anomalous to anybody. Incompetent men are rarely made judges. Would incompetent women be made so? A well-balanced mind, in man or woman, is its own justification."

He said: "Women do not revere abstract law. If two hundred men told my mother I had killed a man, and I said, 'Mother, I did not,' she would believe me."

I replied: "I do not know your mother, but it is not impossible that with all your love for her you underestimate her character and strength of mind. Mothers have, time out of mind, renounced their sons for abstract principle and right. The soil of most if not all countries has been wet with the blood of women who have sacrificed all for their idea of Right."

He said: "Women are too much taken up with their household affairs to vote."

I said: "How much time does it require of you? Or of any man of an average experience?"

He said: "Women cannot bear arms in defence of their country. Why, therefore, should they be entitled to vote?"

I replied: "If you will look somewhat more deeply, you will perceive the fact that the chief object of the race is its own preservation and continuance. Defence in war is only one element working toward such continuance of the nation. The rearing of children is the chief element. Victory in war, without the constant production of children, will not suffice. That the children should be sustained and nourished is equally important in war and peace. This share of the nation's duty falls naturally to women. Men, however, could be trained to rear and cherish children, and women could be trained to go to war. This would be obviously a waste of nature's endowments to each sex, and would be unwise and a perversion."

He said: "The bearing and rearing of children is woman's vocation. She should do nothing that would interfere with her life-work."

I replied: "You may be quite sure that she never will—any more than men will allow anything to prevent their providing for their families. Do you not lose sight of the fact that nature is all-powerful, and that the eternal masculine and the eternal feminine, which have individually survived the cataclysms of time, will still remain?"

He said: "Men respect women as mothers; they may not respect them as voters."

I replied: "Men have always 'respected' women as mothers, even when they withheld from them up to a very recent period individual ownership of their own property, or any right to the possession of their own children. When women are given the normal rights of citizenship, men will not respect them the less as mothers, but the more as citizens."

I am, sir, etc., LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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Finding ourselves in general accord with the arguments used to discomfit the man ill equipped with even "material intelligence," we are concerned only by this one of many remonstrances, which we had anticipated and have received, against our denial of woman's "inherent right" to vote. It is quite true that the colonists repudiated taxation without representation, but it is also recorded that Great Britain obstinately refused to accept their dictum as conclusive and compelled them to establish it by force of arms, thus confirming our assertion, as "a fact of surpassing moment," that "since the world began, the possession of power has depended upon ability to acquire and hold it." The same method might with equal propriety be adopted in enforcing woman suffrage, but the physical strife involved would be disagreeable at best and even less promising of success than that of the colonists at one time seemed to be.

Further study of the history of her country, moreover, will teach our esteemed correspondent that, for many years after the republic was established, women were not permitted to own property. We must assume, therefore, that their "right" to vote was not inherent at all, but became acquirable simultaneously with the gift to her of the privilege of property ownership, the withdrawal of which would, in turn, extinguish the basis of the claim entirely. Logically our correspondent succeeds only in confirming our position and in confuting her own.

As we observed previously, advocates of woman suffrage only weaken their case by persisting in a purely academic discussion leading to no practical accomplishment. Ethically they may adduce a semblance of justification, but the fact is that the franchise can be obtained only by convincing those in actual authority that the time has come when the bestowal of the privilege would be advantageous to the country. Surely nothing can be gained by devoting to resentment of a condition time and energy which might be employed in compassing a remedy. Moreover, if real achievement be the true goal, existing circumstances cannot be ignored. A lawyer visited a man in jail, listened to his statement of the cause of his incarceration and said indignantly, "This is outrageous; they cannot lock you up on such a charge!" "But," said the untutored man with plaintive voice, "here I be!"

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the coming year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

GOLDWIN SMITH,

the venerable scholar, historian, critic and publicist, has enriched the pages of the REVIEW, at intervals, for many years, by contributions embodying his views and reflections upon subjects of public interest. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and he acted for some time as tutor in University College, of which he was elected a Fellow in 1847. In 1858 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and his tenure of that chair, which terminated in 1866, was distinguished by the delivery of a large number of lectures of extraordinary brilliancy which attracted the widest attention. On the opening of Cornell University, in 1868, having accepted the invitation tendered to him, he settled in the United States as Professor of English and Constitutional History in that institution. In 1871, he exchanged this post for that of a non-resident professorship. Among his works are "Irish History and Irish Character," "Lectures on Modern History," "Three English Statesmen, Cromwell, Pitt and Pym," and "A Short History of England down to the Reformation."

ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN

has travelled in almost every quarter of the globe and given to the world the results of his observations and reflections in a goodly library of most interesting and instructive volumes. He is an acknowledged authority on the Far East, foreign affairs, and Colonial questions. In 1871 he obtained an appointment in India, and in 1879 he became secretary and second-in-command of the Government Mission to Siam and the Shan States. In 1881-82 he explored the region between Canton and Bhamo with a view to determining the best route for connecting Burmah and China by railway, and he was correspondent for "The Times" in the Far East in 1883-84. From 1885 to 1889 he was Deputy-Commissioner of Upper Burmah, and in 1890 became Administrator of Mashonaland. In 1894 he retired from Gov-

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ernment service. In 1895, he visited Central America to examine the Nicaragua and Panama canal routes, and he went to China in the following year in connection with negotiations for railways. In 1898-99, he travelled through Siberia, Eastern Mongolia, and China from north to south, and a year later he journeyed through the Dutch East Indies, Borneo, the Philippines and Japan, returning to England by way of Siberia. In 1902-03 he travelled in the Caribbean, Central America and the United States. In 1904-05 he revisited South Africa. Among Mr. Colquhoun's writings are "China in Transformation," "The Overland to China," "The Mastery of the Pacific," "Greater America," "The Africander Land."

EDWARD L. ANDREWS

was born in New Orleans in 1846. He studied at the University of London, where he became a prizeman in Political Economy. He was admitted to the New York Bar in 1868. He has made a specialty of State Bond matters, having acted for Tennessee and North Carolina Bond Committees. He has been a contributor to the "American Law Review," the "Albany Law Journal" and "The Sun."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. CARTER, U.S.A.,

was born in Nashville, Tennessee. For twenty-four years after graduating at the United States Military Academy, he was in active service on the frontier. His first experience was with the 8th Infantry, which he joined, as second lieutenant, in 1873. In 1874 he was transferred to the 6th Cavalry, and in 1879 he was promoted to be first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster. He was advanced to the command of a company in the 6th Cavalry in 1889, and he received his majority in 1897, when he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the United States Army. He served for some time in the Philippines, and he is now in command of the Department of the Lakes. General Carter holds a medal of honor which was awarded to him for distinguished bravery in action against the Apache Indians at Cibicu Creek, Arizona, on the 30th of August, 1881. He is the author of "Horses, Saddles and Bridles" and "An Historical Sketch of the 6th United States Cavalry."

LAWRENCE GILMAN,

who was born in Flushing, New York, has been a frequent contributor to the REVIEW upon musical and literary sub-

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jects. He has made a special study of musical theory and æsthetics, and of modern art and literature as they relate to the development of creative music. He has been music critic of "Harper's Weekly" since 1901. Among his books are "Phases of Modern Music," "Edward Macdowell" (in the "Living Masters of Music" series) and "The Music of To-Morrow."

CARROLL D. WRIGHT

has made a lifelong study of labor and the social, economic and industrial questions connected with it. He was born in New Hampshire in 1840, and was educated at Tufts College. He enlisted on the outbreak of the Civil War as a private in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and rose eventually to the command of that regiment. In 1872-3, he was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and from 1873 to 1888 he served as chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor. For a number of years he was United States Commissioner of Labor, and in 1902 he resigned that post to become President of Clark College, Worcester, Massachusetts. From 1893 to 1897 he was engaged in completing the Eleventh United States Census. He is the author of a large number of works on his special subject, including "The Factory System of the United States," "The Relation of Political Economy to the Labor Question," "The Industrial Evolution of the United States," "History and Growth of the United States Census," etc.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

was born in Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. For several years he was Assistant and, later, Deputy Magistrate, at Murshidabad, in Lower Bengal, and afterwards at Cuttack, in the District of Orissa. In 1891, he returned to England from India, and spent the subsequent four years on the Continent, travelling in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, Austria and France. Since 1896 he has resided in the United States.

C. F. THWING

is a native of New Sharon, in the State of Maine. After preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., he went to Harvard, where he graduated in 1876, and, having completed a theological course at the Andover Theological Seminary, which subsequently conferred upon him the de-

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grees of D.D. and LL.D., he was ordained to the ministry of the Congregational Church, in whose service he occupied pastorates in Cambridge, Mass., and Minneapolis, Minn. In 1890 he was appointed President of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, in Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. Thwing has published a large number of works on subjects connected with college education, among them being "American Colleges: Their Students and Work," "Within College Walls," "The College Woman," "The American College in American Life" and "College Administration."

PAUL HARBOE

migrated from Denmark with his parents in 1882, when three years old. Having graduated from the old Berkeley School in 1898, he spent some five years studying abroad—at Berlin, Helsingfors, Stockholm and Copenhagen. He has published a little collection of tales entitled "In the Narrow Path" and a novel entitled "The Son of Magnus," and he has just completed "The Story of Hans Christian Andersen."

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE,

a Canadian by birth, was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto University and Trinity University. On leaving college, he entered journalism, beginning as associate editor of "The Toronto Week." In 1897 he came to New York, where he has pursued the work of his profession, being engaged in editorial work and criticism—historical, economic and psychological—on several well-known periodicals. Mr. Bruce translated into English Leroy-Beaulieu's "The United States in the Twentieth Century."

EDITH BAKER BROWN

is a native and resident of Boston. She graduated from Smith College in 1892. From time to time she has contributed reviews or literary criticisms to "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Critic," "The Bookman," "The Dial" and other periodicals.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ

was born in New York. The foundations of his artistic education were laid in the architectural office of McKim, Mead & White, and his studies have been further pursued in Europe, especially in France and Italy. He is now the Literary Editor and Art Critic of the New York *Tribune*. He has contributed many essays on literary and artistic subjects to the leading magazines.

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